

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

There has been a sensational rumor on the streets all week to the effect that the *Mail* and *Empire* is about to swallow the *World*, or that the *World* is about to swallow the *Mail* and *Empire*. It is understood that the other daily papers have been requested to refrain from mentioning the matter, lest premature references to it might spoil the deal. If anything so startling had been talked of on the street, involving, not two newspapers, but two business houses of any other kind, the press would have screamed at it, careless of results. Many business negotiations have been prematurely announced by the press, and the two papers mentioned in street rumors as about to amalgamate have not been noticeably considerate of other people's feelings and interests. In view of this I have not the least compunction in referring to the subject, especially, however, as nearly everyone down-town is talking about it and getting the original rumor all twisted up and distorted beyond recognition.

The original rumor seems to have been that the two papers would amalgamate and be known as the *Mail-World*, with Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., as editor-in-chief, Mr. W. J. Douglas, of the *Mail*, as business manager, and Mr. H. E. Smallpiece, of the *World*, as advertising manager; Mr. Wallace Maclean and the two leading men of the *Mail* staff to do the editorial work, and Mr. Herbert Burrows to be news-editor. The working staffs of the two papers were then to be lined up in a row and the best men retained. This sounds extremely well, and means a strong combination of newspaper talent. Just how much of it, if any, is true I am not prepared to say, but it has been the talk in newspaper circles all week—one day the statement being made that the whole deal was completed, and the next that some hitch had occurred. As it is the newspaper practice to at once publish anything that can be heard or surmised about such a deal as this between business houses of any other kind, the newspapers concerned in this rumor may now deny or confirm the story as seems best.

What is the reputed reason for the amalgamation of these papers? It is too long a story for me to go into, and much of it is private in nature. For one thing, however, it may be said that one political party does not require two morning organs in Toronto, and this truth becomes specially poignant when that political party is far from power. The *World* has been gaining favor with the party of late by its chirpiness in defeat, its inventiveness in harassing the Government, and particularly by its growing strength as a newspaper pure and simple. On the other hand, the *Mail*, having swallowed the *Empire* once and itself repeatedly, knows how to fix its jaws for any undertaking of the kind, and the *World* never looked so inviting as now. Many of those who are talking of the ins and outs of the alleged amalgamation know really nothing about it, and much that is said of the business details of the two papers concerned is no doubt quite unwarranted. The *World* has been almost the best paying newspaper property in Toronto for two or three years, and the *Mail* has always been understood to have plenty of capital behind it; the papers therefore, if they unite, will do so voluntarily. A paper edited and managed as rumor says the *Mail-World* will be, ought to make a powerful rival for the *Globe*. The united sheet, with two paper mills behind it, would be quite formidable. Would it be a one-cent paper? If not, the success of the one-cent morning paper having been proven, one would surely spring into the field in no time. In fact, the great weakness in all the gossip that is going about is the extreme unlikelihood that W. F. Maclean would quit running a one-cent morning paper of his very own. He is not a parcel of goods that can be delivered, and will probably decline to either swallow or be swallowed.

Premier Hardy has given the province a Christmas present in the shape of a timber regulation requiring that after April 29 next, all timber cut under Ontario license must be sawn in Canada. This regulation meets with the approval of the voting public, but there is an unseen influence that has resisted all along and now resents the passing of this spirited and patriotic regulation by the Ontario Government—I mean the Canadian financial interests which have vast sums of money loaned or invested in the Ontario-Michigan timber trade. Premier Hardy knew that it was not the simple question that it seemed to editors of newspapers, and the fact that he chose to please the people rather than the banks is something to his credit. He has done the popular and the patriotic thing. Hon. J. M. Gibson in introducing the bill to the Legislature showed that the timber question has only become important in the past few years. In the year 1880 only 72,000 feet of timber was taken from Ontario into the United States, but there has been a steady increase, as is shown by the figures of every fifth year:

1880.....	72,000
1885.....	164,000
1890.....	10,834,000
1895.....	277,837,000

The value of timber thus taken away from Ontario to be manufactured in the United States, where our lumber cannot go without being taxed, increased from a paltry \$784 in 1880 to the important sum of \$2,350,278 in 1895. That increase has come about steadily in the past fifteen years. Only a very small part of this timber, however, goes

from timber limits sold or leased by the present Ontario Government, so that the new regulation, while it goes, perhaps, as far as the power of the Legislature extends, can hardly be expected to meet the difficulty. An export duty on saw-logs can be imposed by the Dominion Government alone, and nothing short of that will seriously affect the trade that is done by Michigan in our timber. In fifteen years the increase in the quantity of our logs that have been floated across the lakes to be manufactured into lumber, has been tremendous and alarming. What will another five or ten years do? The action of Premier Hardy and the discussion of the subject that will follow in the campaign that must be near at hand, will probably result in an irresistible demand that the Dominion Government shall resent the bullying clause of the Dingley Bill, which provides that the United States duty on our lumber shall be doubled if we put an export duty on our logs. Now or later on we shall be compelled to make a resolute stand, and the sooner it is done the easier it will be. The Dingley Bill says in effect: "Canada must give us her logs on such terms that our mill-men can make lumber from her logs and sell it cheaper in our market than Canadian-made lumber can be sold in our market." That is the position. We must consider whether it would be wise to force a fight and trust to the consumers of lumber in the

ors and aldermen, that has characterized this whole venture, is one of the crimes of the nineteenth century. The whole enormity of it will only be realized early in the next century when we prowl through the vast reaches of the new buildings with printed records in our hands showing what it all cost and how it was financed—showing how, indeed, the architect was privileged to alter the plans as he liked, spend as much money as he liked and consume all the time he liked, mayors and aldermen for years and years being seemingly oblivious of the fact that the city was putting up a great public work and that the people depended upon their agents, the aldermen, for sound business management in the erecting of buildings that may or should stand for centuries. Without counting a dollar of the money that is being now spent in completing the new City Hall, those buildings are at present costing the city nearly one hundred thousand dollars a year. This is made up of interest, insurance, inspection, caretaking, fuel, etc.

There is, it would appear, a ghost of a chance that the Council of 1888 may meet, near the end of the year, in the new City Hall. Would it not be well for the people of Toronto to see that many of the old aldermen shall never take a seat in that new hall? Has the time not arrived for leaving at home a lot of those men who have gone to

himself, nor to any member of the Council." On being asked for his reasons he is said to have replied that "The plans are being changed from time to time as obstacles arise," and "I have the right to make such changes as I see fit." Has the city any documentary evidence to show that the new City Hall will belong to Toronto, not to Mr. Lennox, when finished?

The *Engineer* also reproduces pictures of Toronto's new City Hall and that erected in Pittsburgh, Pa., claiming that ours is an imitation of the other, but lacking in "grand simplicity, enormous scale and perfect symmetry." The history of the affair from the beginning is gone into—the building was, at first, to be only a court house, and to cost \$200,000, but when the excavations were being made it was found that "this work alone was costing \$111,000." Mayor Howland in 1886 sprung the idea of spending another \$100,000 and combining a City Hall with the Court House. This, he said, would not occasion delay. This second step raised the cost to \$300,000, and next year \$750,000 more was voted by the ratepayers; in 1889 another sum of \$600,000 was voted, and so on, up to \$2,500,000, instead of \$300,000. One instance of changes in the plans is mentioned, which, if accurately stated, shows how expenses have mounted up. In 1888 the plumbing was let by tender to the Bennett & Wright Company at \$80,000, but changes have been made until

majority of new men can be elected to the Council of 1888.

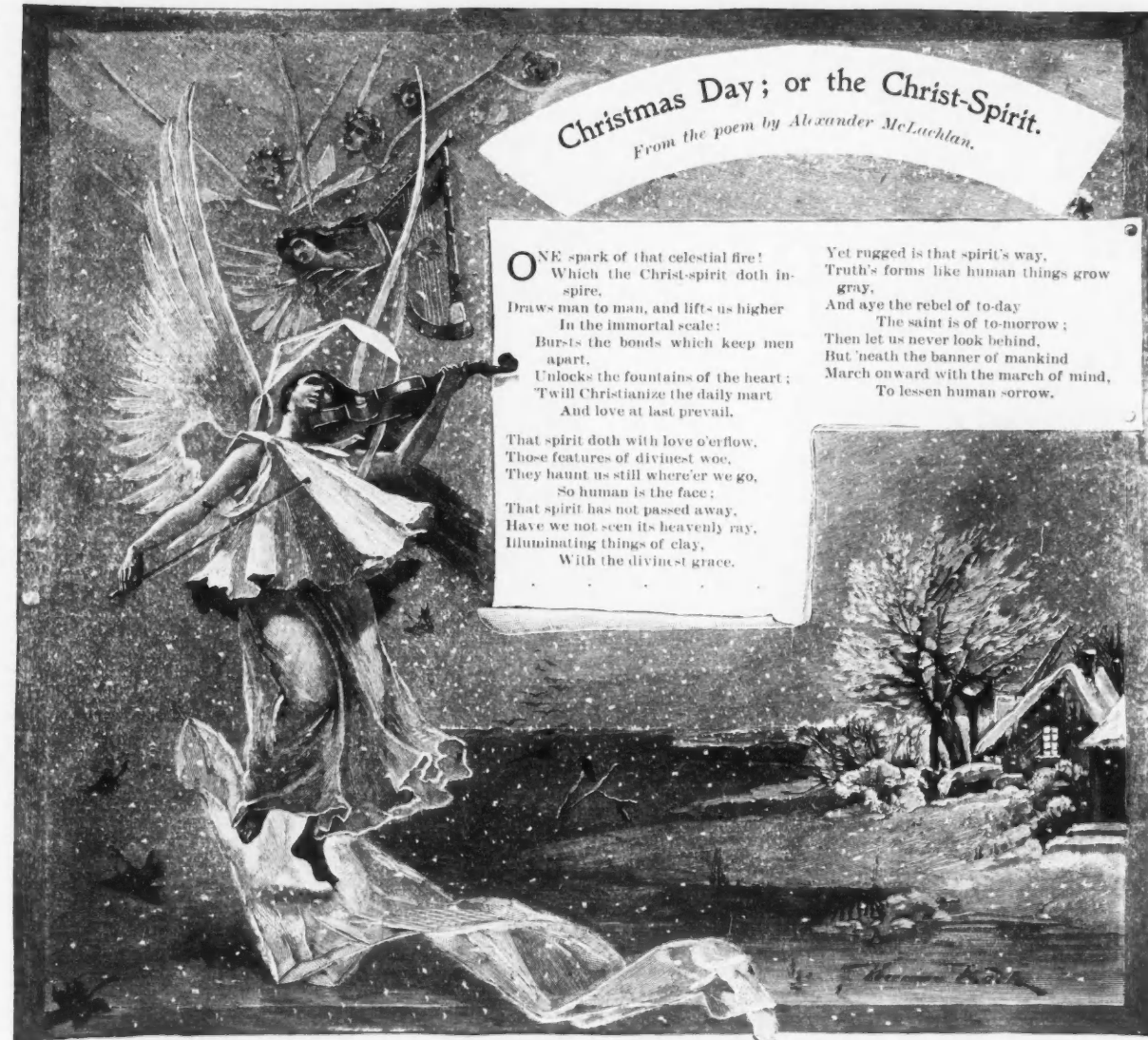
If the mayoralty fight is between Acting-Mayor Shaw and Ald. Preston, many people will rebuke both by refraining from voting for either. It was reported on Wednesday that Mayor Fleming, who is spending the second half of his term in the assessment office, will come forward for re-election, in which case Ald. Preston will not run. This is probably untrue, for Mayor Fleming could not be re-elected after so lightly relinquishing the honor conferred upon him by the people. As to Ald. Preston, there is a feeling that he should take off his hat, sit down and stay a while in town before being mayor of the city. If he could be elected so handily, some capable outsider might telephone for the job another year. When the nominations are all in we can next week see who are the new men put forward for Council, and with the best of the present aldermen get a Council worthy of the city and the occasion, if we all decide to vote carefully for once.

Fifty thousand people are said to have attended the funeral of Terriss, the actor, who was killed in London. If this is boasted of, it may excite the envy of William the Witless of Germany, who may take it into his head to see if he cannot draw a larger crowd. The modern Nero, who draws if he does not write poems, seems to have got to the stage where he broods over the fact that he never saw a great city on fire.

Mr. H. P. Dwight, who is regarded as the father of the telegraph business in Canada, made a highly interesting speech at the banquet given in his honor at the Toronto Club. For fifty years Mr. Dwight has been really in charge of the G. N. W. Telegraph Company, and the reminiscences contained in his speech are not only interesting, but are highly significant and instructive for the young men of the day. After all, the great man and the happy man is the man who accomplishes most for his generation. Some men can show larger financial gains in the game of life than can Mr. Dwight, but if you read his speech you will probably conclude that no one can look back with greater satisfaction on the way he has come and the work he has done. He has thrown a net-work of telegraph wires over Canada, and, seeing the country change from its primeval condition into what it is today, he can tell himself that he has played a large part in all that has been done. He has not followed shadows. He has adhered to his purposes. In his address he put in a few words some of the wonders he has seen, and we, who regard these marvels as commonplace things because we are now familiar with them, should stop to think of them now and then. "Our system of telegraphs is in some respects precisely the same as when I learnt the business fifty years ago," he said, "but there have been many ingenious improvements made in the instruments and in the use of the wires. One of these improvements is what is known as the quadruplex system—that is the use of one wire between two terminal points—Toronto and Montreal, for instance—made to answer the purpose of four—one real wire, three phantom wires. Four operators do duty at each end of the line and work independently, precisely as if there were four separate wires. Before this method of using the wires was discovered such a thing would have seemed as impossible as it would now to make a single railroad track answer the purpose of four independent lines. Successful experiments have recently been made in sending messages for a considerable distance without any wires at all. These electrical matters are full of wonders. I never get into a trolley car but I think of how wonderful a thing it is, that by mere contact with a slender overhead wire the power of forty horses can be brought into the motor, as well as current that can be utilized to heat and light the car. It is a wonderful thing that a slender wire strung about the city should be made to burst out into a thousand lights at different points wherever required by the simple insertion of a certain amount of resistance to the flow of current at given points on the wire. It is a marvelous thing that by speaking into a simple little instrument which contains a small metal disc, which corresponds to the drum of the human ear, our voices can be carried for one hundred or five hundred miles, and recognized by our friends at the other end of the wire as distinctly as if we were together in the same room. These and other electrical developments are wonders which no man can explain. Can you wonder that such a business should be of sufficient interest to keep me in connection with it for fifty years? If I were to fall heir to a million dollars to-morrow I would ask leave of absence from my work long enough to visit Egypt, but only on the condition that I might return to my work again and continue in it as long as possible."

The *Star* reported the other day that the T. Eaton Company "had bought, or was about to buy," the Shaftesbury Hall property on Queen street. Not long ago Mr. Eaton annexed the McKendry store on Yonge street. As "a great public benefactor" Mr. Eaton seems to be doing very nicely for himself and the business of which he is manager, and it is quite surprising that everybody does not sell everything at less than cost when he can do so well at it. It is a great line of business and fools both the people and the tax-gatherers.

Mrs. Sternaman is to be well championed, and it will require a lot of courage to hang that woman. Phillips Thompson's letter is not



Christmas Day; or the Christ-Spirit.
From the poem by Alexander McLachlan.

ONE spark of that celestial fire!
Which the Christ-spirit doth inspire,
Draws man to man, and lifts us higher
In the immortal scale;
Bursts the bonds which keep men apart,
Unlocks the fountains of the heart;
'Twill Christianize the daily mart
And love at last prevail.

That spirit doth with love overflow,
Those features of divinest woe,
They haunt us still where'er we go,
So human is the face;
That spirit has not passed away,
Have we not seen its heavenly ray,
Illuminating things of clay,
With the divinest grace.

Yet rugged is that spirit's way,
Truth's forms like human things grow gray,
And aye the rebel of to-day
The saint is of to-morrow;
Then let us never look behind,
But 'neath the banner of mankind
March onward with the march of mind,
To lessen human sorrow.

United States to make effective protests against being plundered.

The importance of the new regulation of the Hardy Government consists in the fact that it asserts the principle of home manufacture of raw material owned by the province. This position cannot be retreated from. Each year finds Ontario richer in the possession of an increasing percentage of the pine timber of the continent, for as lands owned by private persons are swept clear of timber, large tracts of crown lands are held in reserve, and wise steps are being taken to re-forest lands from which timber has been cut. When at last an understanding is reached with the United States on the timber and lumber question, the province should be found in control of the situation.

Mr. Whitney, the leader of the Opposition, might reasonably have been expected to endorse the action of the Government. It would have been an unusual course, but better than the plan adopted of urging that the regulation should go into effect forthwith. The operations of the present winter could not be rudely interfered with without doing great injustice to an army of work-people. If the timber trade of the present winter was to be "regulated," it should have been done sooner.

Toronto has a population of about two hundred thousand, and the city has a big future. North, east and west our railway lines turn and twist and shoot out over a country that is newer and more promiseful than any other in the world. We are within a few months of the twentieth century. We have on our hands a new city hall that, after twelve years of nonsense and worse, remains still unfinished, and costing nearly three millions of dollars. The mismanagement, on the part of successive may-

Council year after year, having always been elected by means of the cheek with which they canvass for votes, and never because they possessed any capacity for handling public business? Attempts that have been made to organize citizens' movements have ended in nothing—could the citizens not remedy the whole thing without organizing, but simply by voting?

There is Ald. Hallam, who for about a quarter of a century has been elected and laughed at, yet Ward 2 repeats the jest of electing him year after year. Ward 2 has a queer sense of humor. Ald. Hallam is always talking of running for Mayor, yet he never does it, for he seems to know that Ward 2 is the only district in the city that uses the ballot for the purposes of practical jokes. Ald. Lamb is another man with the instincts of a little villager, wholly incapable for handling the affairs of a great city. Ald. Carlyle and Ald. Gowanlock are two more, and even ex-Ald. Jolliffe has come out again offering to resume that municipal career of his. Half the electors seem to go to the polls without any knowledge of the candidates, and they vote for the men who were in before. By this ruinous repetition we get the same bunch of men time and time again, until some man of great cheek and activity shoves his card under every door, shakes hands with everyone, claims votes, gets them, and sits down in the charmed circle. The man of modest worth is beaten by the old sticks and by new-comers who have cheek enough to round up the indolent electors.

The *Canadian Engineer* for December states that one of its representatives applied to Architect Lennox for a permit to view the new city buildings in order to write an article, whereupon Mr. Lennox is said to have replied: "I will not give such a permit to the Mayor

"now the city has contracted to pay" that firm \$107,925 over and above the amount of the original tender. The *Engineer* is going into the whole question very vigorously, but experience tells us that nothing can interest the aldermen in this enormous subject for longer than four weeks just preceding the municipal elections. The only thing to do is to elect new men who will not feel called upon to respect the order of things that has prevailed for twelve years while Mr. Lennox has been building his Tower of Babel.

If the people would elect a council in which men entirely new to municipal life would be in the majority, the Council of 1888 would not feel that it must hush up certain things, or apologize for what previous councils have done or have omitted to do. If aldermen who have been in Council for eight or ten or twenty years are in the majority in next year's Council, it will be impossible to get the accounts and general affairs of the new City Hall balanced, and examined, and criticized as they should be before the architect is settled with. These men of many years' service will not take action that would convict them of several years' neglect of duty. Just what kind of a law-fight we are to have with Contractor Neelon we do not know. Just what claim, if any, Mr. Lennox may have for special services we do not know, for Mr. Lennox will not tell us. It is clearly injudicious to re-elect a majority of the aldermen who are now or have been members of Council for any part of the twelve ruinous years during which the \$300,000 city buildings have been dawdling along and mounting up to a cost of \$2,500,000. Is it not apparent on the very face of it that the sensible citizen should set aside his personal friendship for aldermen, and send in new men who will be entirely free of old entanglements? If only a few electors in each ward will carry out this idea, a

easily answered, especially some points of it. For instance, it is claimed that B. B. Osler is now retained as Crown prosecutor in nearly all murder trials, because when retained for the defence he nearly always secured the acquittal of his clients. Is this so? Is the Crown fighting as hard to hang prisoners as prisoners are fighting to save their lives? If this lawyer was able to secure acquittal where it was not deserved, is he also able to secure conviction where it is not called for? Mr. Thompson also refers to the boastful way in which some of the newspapers refer to the "success" of detectives, it being clearly regarded as a professional duty to secure a conviction, and if a detective can have three or four persons condemned in one year it is referred to as his "splendid record."

Manifestly a detective, if he behaves himself, should be every whit as popular in the sight of the public as is the official hangman. But in order to merit popular favor

less for me to strive with than for those more directly implicated.

After Nansen's book and lecture and after Tyrrell's book describing a trip Across the Sub-Arctic of Canada, we turn with bated breath to the story of Major Walsh's triumphant trip to Dawson City as it appears serially in the *Globe*. Major Walsh is a man of splendid courage, and he is the unforgettable hero of the encounter with Sitting Bull—the Major entering his camp quite alone and ordering the bad Indian out of Canada. Sitting Bull arose and went. Canadians everywhere are proud of Major Walsh, and so that my readers may not miss the stirring news of his advance upon the Yukon I extract the important items from the despatch sent by a member of the party from White Rapids to the *Globe*, in which paper it appeared on Monday morning:

WHITE RAPIDS, Nov. 2, 4 a.m.—Light on snow-clad mountains gorgeous.
11 a.m.—Major Walsh stepped on a nail, which penetrated his boot, but nothing serious.

the channels and canyons are peremptorily closed to booms and rolling logs. Will the lecture and book rights of this trip belong to the Major or the Government? Also the cinematograph views?

"Four Assiniboine buffaloes are in the C. P. R. stockyards at Winnipeg," says a despatch. These buffaloes were caught in our 'north-western country by Mr. McCabe of Sioux City, Montana, who is taking them south. Almost the same day it was announced that Lord Strathcona had presented his entire herd of buffalo to the Dominion Government, to be placed in the National Park at Banff. This herd has been growing on Lord Strathcona's estate near Winnipeg. If it is worth while accepting Lord Strathcona's gift would it not be worth while to interfere with men from Sioux City and elsewhere who capture our few remaining buffaloes and ship them south to walk, perhaps, in circus parades? The big game of Canada is being exterminated very rapidly, and the Government will one day go to great pains to stock preserves with buffaloes and elk, although no adequate measures are being taken even now to preserve the beggarly few of these animals that still run free in the West. It is a downright shame that the killing or deporting of buffalo and elk is not prohibited. MACK.



THE LATE ALPHONSE DAUDET.

PARIS, December 16.—M. Daudet expired at eight o'clock this evening. He was dining with his family, and was in excellent spirits when he was seized with a sudden syncope. Physicians were summoned, but he died almost immediately. Daudet was born May 13, 1840. He first brought out a volume of poetry in 1858, which immediately gained for him a reputation. He also wrote for the stage with success. M. Daudet contributed extensively to a large number of newspapers. Subsequently he became one of the regular contributors to the *Montreuil Universel*. His best work was *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aine*, in 1874, to which the French Academy awarded the Joly prize, and which was successfully dramatized. For many years M. Daudet was connected with the *Journal Officiel*, being entrusted with the theatrical department of that paper.

and to be a hero, he should keep within the law; he should be truthful; he should not by tricks destroy life—in fact, he should, like all hangmen and some judges, be the agent of justice, impartial, firm-handed, sure. The hangman is the only representative of justice who, in a murder case, can go his way with an easy mind. He did not say a word nor move a finger against the accused person. The judge can try to shift the responsibility on the jury; the jury can try to shift it back on the judge; the prosecuting attorney can say that he only acted professionally; but when a human life is concerned they lie to themselves, for they can shift not a featherweight to the shoulders of any other person. The hangman alone is without option and obeys the orders of the state. He is not a spy. He does not bear false witness. He does not catch, torture and worry people—he comes along at the call of the Christian State and just chokes the persons who are indicated to him. A man of blameless life, surely!

While we hang people at all let us hang guilty women as well as guilty men, for why should we respect sex when we show no respect to soul? In this Christian community the Methodists of Toronto have gone into debt to the extent of \$1,300,000 in building churches in which to preach and teach that "the vilest sinner may return," and other denominations have done the same, yet in this same Christian community we seize certain particular sinners and hurl them unprepared into eternity. The position of Christian Ontario in regard to Allison is this: "Boy of eighteen, you have done murder; you are a vile sinner, but there is salvation for you even yet if you will embrace it before February—On that morning you will be hanged, and if the Almighty does not pardon and bless you before that date, you shall be hanged anyway and sent to the Judgment with your sins like scarlet." It is a rather peculiar relation for a Christian State to bear to a boy sinner, and perhaps the boy sinner will not quite understand it all. If the soul of even a murderer is to be treated as if non-existent or of no account by the laws of a Christian State, it seems clear that the entire logic of things sustains a hard shock. But this question is

245.—Command given and we started in following order. My own boat, Capt. Bliss' boat, Constable Coates' boat and Major Walsh's boat. At 3.30 Major Walsh overtook me and proceeded ahead.
Nov. 3.—Major Walsh's boat again last to start, but again took the lead at 6.10 a.m.
11 a.m.—Major Walsh's boat one-quarter mile ahead and landed on Sandy Beach.
Nov. 4.—6 a.m., Capt. Bliss started in lead, but Major Walsh, as usual, forged ahead.
It seems quite clear that Major Walsh is the terror of northern waters, and when he returns we should get him to try for the diamond skulls at Henley. The following occurred the same day:

Major Walsh walked on beach for a mile or two this morning, boats following.
This incident alone would show that the Major is a most remarkable man, gifted with every quality of leadership, for when he left the water and went overland the boats followed him like spaniels.

11 a.m.—Landed for lunch, and Major Walsh repacking his bags.
Major Walsh made several landings to-day and we all landed.
Major Walsh here dropped a log on his foot and is quite lame.

Why "we all" did not drop logs on our feet is rather surprising.

Nov. 5.—A barnack. . . Major Walsh rechristened it Fort Sifton.
Capt. Bliss led, at 7.30, Major Walsh took the lead. Sheet of ice. Major Walsh ran alongside and found it about two inches thick.
We chased after Major Walsh.
Major Walsh had hove to, waiting for us.
Major Walsh boarded his boat and took the lead.
The Major ahead breaking the way.
Nov. 6.—4 p.m. Major Walsh as usual leads.

If I were wagering any money on this race I would bet on the Major. He seems to have quite as good a lead as Miller had in the six-day bicycle race.

Major Walsh had chosen a camp and was waiting for us.
Did a little washing and Major Walsh dried it before the fire for me.

Dried what? This will perplex historians unless the point is cleared up in our own day.

Nov. 7.—12.15. Major Walsh ordered boats to run through canyon. One or two of our men hesitated, apparently a little afraid of the current, but Major Walsh said: "Well, boys, stand away up on the cliff, and I'll show you how to do it."

Major Walsh never sends his men where he will not go himself.
If Major Walsh ever finds out that he has newspaper men in his party he will freeze over at once and much will be lost to the world; it therefore behooves us to make what use we may of such information as filters to us before

noted very rapidly, and the Government will one day go to great pains to stock preserves with buffaloes and elk, although no adequate measures are being taken even now to preserve the beggarly few of these animals that still run free in the West. It is a downright shame that the killing or deporting of buffalo and elk is not prohibited. MACK.

The Quality of Being Agreeable

The Baltimore Sun.

It might reasonably be supposed that good people would be agreeable and bad people disagreeable, but this is by no means a fixed rule. There are many notable exceptions, especially among bad people, who are often delightful companions. They study to please that they may cover up their faults of character. There is no reason, however, why good people should not follow their example in this respect. When they act naturally they are agreeable, but some good men, with warm sympathies and great kindness of heart, seem to think that it is necessary for their own protection to put on a gruff, repellent manner. There are others who at heart are good friends, yet make themselves disagreeable to those they love by a bad habit of positive contradiction. All of us have a great deal of self-love, and we cannot regard as agreeable one who continually differs with and contradicts us, especially if he does so in an offensive way.

The agreeable man is always courteous and considerate. He keeps out of disputes and contentions, seeks to give utterance only to pleasant things, and if driven to contradict, does so in an amiable manner. He may or may not be as good and faithful at heart as the gruff disputant, who is apt to be boastful of his frankness, but the quality that makes him agreeable is his cultivated manner. Some people go so far as to deprecate politeness as a concession to hypocrisy, but it is really a manifestation of consideration for others. It is, of course, cultivated by hypocrites, and those who are excessively polite may be suspected of insincerity, but that is not a good reason why sincere people should not use it to make themselves agreeable. The otherwise good man who

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With the chart a printed postcard will be sent you. On this printed postcard will be mentioned a certain figure between 1 and 5, and all you will have to do will be to count how many times this figure occurs on the face of the chart, to fill in the blank space left for the purpose on the postcard with the number, and mail it to the company. None of the charts contain more than 2000 figures, so that you will not have many to count.

HOW THE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED.

The postcards containing correct answers will be registered and numbered in the order in which they are received at the office of the company up to noon on the Saturday in EACH WEEK during the NINE weeks of the competition. The postcards received after noon on Saturday will be reckoned in the next week's competition.

The total number of correct answers received during each week will be divided into four series.

The sender of the FIRST correct answer in each of the FIRST THREE SERIES and the sender of the LAST CORRECT ANSWER received will get a prize in the form of either a BICYCLE or a WATCH each week.

Thus, for example:—Suppose 57 correct answers were received in any week. This figure divided by four gives three series of fourteen each and one of fifteen.

A Bicycle, Value \$75.00, will be awarded to the sender of the first correct answer, being the first of the first series.

A Watch, Value \$25.00, will be awarded to the sender of the 15th correct answer, being the first of the second series.

A Watch, Value \$25.00, will be awarded to the sender of the 29th correct answer, being the first of the third series.

A Bicycle, Value \$75.00, will be awarded to the sender of the 57th correct answer, being the last sent in, according to the above example; and in a like manner for any other number of correct answers that may be received in any week.

The Bicycles to be distributed as prizes will be 1897 Crescent wheels, guaranteed by the Hyatt Brothers Cycle Company of Toronto, each to the value of \$75, and the Watches will be Waltham movement, made and guaranteed by the American Waltham Watch Co., with gold-filled cases made and guaranteed for five years by the American Watch Case Co.

Winners of either of the bicycle prizes may receive at their option a boy's or girl's \$50 Crescent Wheel, together with a \$25 gold-filled Watch, instead of a \$75 wheel.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES.
Owing to the success of the first week's competition we have decided to award to the sender of EACH AND EVERY 25TH CORRECT ANSWER received a special prize of a GENT'S GOLD PLATED WATCH, American movement, VALUE \$1.00, or a LADY'S STERLING SILVER SWISS WATCH, VALUE \$1.00, as the winner may select. These Watches are warranted to keep good time and are of exceptional value.

A PRIZE SCHOOL COMPETITION.

A full set of our Wall Charts of English, Canadian, and United States History (three in number), value \$7.50, will be sent, express prepaid, to the school that furnishes the largest number of competitors during the nine weeks.
All prize-winners will each receive notice by letter, giving particulars of the award, and their names and addresses will be advertised in the newspapers each week.

OPINIONS OF EDUCATIONISTS UPON OUR SYSTEM.

We have courted the keenest criticism and invited the most searching enquiry, with the result that we have received innumerable testimonials from the highest educational authorities in the Dominion, the United States, and in Great Britain, endorsing our system of teaching history in the most unqualified and enthusiastic manner. Amongst them are:

IN CANADA—Public officials of the Provincial Education Departments and Municipal Boards; the Presidents and Professors in all the principal Universities and Colleges; and numerous masters and teachers of all grades.

IN THE UNITED STATES—The U. S. Commissioner of Education, Washington, D.C.; the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D.C., and Superintendent of Education, New York City.

NOTE—You will come out of this competition with a knowledge of history which you could not get for fifty times the value of the dollar.

You send us a dollar. We send you a Chart and a postcard. You keep the Chart and mail us the postcard. You then become a competitor in the contest. See the newspapers for last week's prize winners.

Address all letters to

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P. S.—We wish our many customers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

W. L. WALLACE, 110 Yonge St.



mean that when a contradiction is made necessary it shall be expressed courteously and inoffensively. Every one should cultivate this kind of politeness, for in so far as it helps to make one agreeable, it extends his opportunities for usefulness, and helps to give full play to his other good qualities.

She—I cannot marry you until September. He—Oh, dearest! Why not? She—When I accepted George I promised him it should be a twelve-months' engagement, and I should hate to break my word to the poor fellow.

Hoax—The building committee has just met and we're going to have a new story at our club. Joak—Good! I've worked the old club stories so much that my wife don't believe them any more.

Social and Personal.

The following ladies and gentlemen had the honor of being invited to dinner at Government House on Thursday, December 16, although some of them were unavoidably prevented from attending by illness or other causes: Hon. J. D. and Mrs. Edgar and Miss Edgar, Hon. Donald MacInnes, Mrs. DuMoulin, Miss DuMoulin, Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Street, Mr. W. Bridgeman Simpson, Mrs. Mackenzie and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. T. Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Lash, Dr. and Mrs. F. Le M. Graset, Captain and Mrs. Forester, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Clarke, Mrs. Boulton and Miss Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Blake, Canon and Mrs. Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, Rev. L. H. and Mrs. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Major and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, Dr. and Mrs. Irving Cameron, Major and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mr. Frank Darling and Miss Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien. The house party consisted of Mr. David Erskine, Captain Wilberforce, A.D.C.; Mr. Tharpe, A.D.C.; Major Denison, A.D.C., and Mr. MacInnes, A.D.C.

The following ladies and gentlemen had the honor of being invited to dinner at Government House on Monday, December 20, although some of them were unavoidably prevented from attending by illness or other causes: Hon. W. H. and Mrs. Mulock, Chief Justice of Ontario and Mrs. Burton, Miss Burton, Mrs. Bain, Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Moss, Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Macdougall, Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Rose, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Dewar, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. McNaught, Miss Beverley Robinson, Ald. James Scott, Miss Scott, Prof. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur R. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Oliver Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Gwynne, Mr. Stewart Houston, Major Lessard, R.C.D., Dr. and Mrs. G. R. Parkin, Rev. and Mrs. Rigby, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Yarker, Miss Maud Yarker, Mrs. Ward, Miss Helena Thompson, Mr. Joseph Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. L. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. John Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Prof. and Mrs. William Clark, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Brown, Mr. and Mrs. St. George Baldwin, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Glackmeyer, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Miss Elmsley, Miss Beatrice Edgar. The house party consisted of: Lord Haddo, Mr. Matthew White Ridley, Mr. David Erskine, Dr. Hewett, Capt. Wilberforce, A.D.C., Capt. Tharpe, A.D.C., and Major Denison, A.D.C.

Mrs. David Walker's tea on Thursday, December 16, was very prettily arranged, and attended by a coterie of congenial persons. The daughter of the house, Miss May Walker, assisted by her sisters, Mrs. Covert Moffatt, Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Gibson, were most happy hostesses, and being naturally very much at home made everyone else feel so. Miss Wright, daughter of Mr. Adam Wright, also assisted. Rose-decked tables were beautifully set in the two south rooms. Mrs. Walker receiving in the drawing-room, and being the smiling recipient of a hearty flood of good wishes and *bon royaumes* in anticipation both of the Christmas season and her approaching visit to the South, where it is hoped Mr. Walker will get rid of his rheumatism. Men were *taboo* at this tea, which was hard on them at a house where they usually turn up in shoals. Miss Covert, a charming young girl just entering society, was introduced by Mrs. Covert Moffatt to friends who hope to see her frequently in future.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dixon have removed from 76 Gloucester street to 115 Wellesley crescent, where Mrs. Dixon will be at home on the first and second Mondays after January 1.

Mrs. Clougher of Grenville street will receive on the first and second Tuesdays instead of Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Eyncourt Strickland and daughter, of Montreal, are guests of Mrs. Bright of 15 Ross street.

The Canadian authoress, Mrs. Marie Edith Beynon of Portage la Prairie, Man., whose book of stories entitled *Saints, Sinners and Queer People* was recently reviewed in SATURDAY NIGHT, is visiting her brother, Mr. E. S. Williamson of the Crown Lands Department, and expects to spend the winter in Toronto. She is a sister of Mr. Albert Curtis Williamson, the Canadian artist in Paris.

Miss Whish of Barrie returned home for Christmas, but will be back for the Victorian Era ball next week.

Miss Brown-Wallis, one of the prettiest young visitors of our present season, who has been a bright attraction at Athelstane for some weeks, returned home to Ottawa for Christmas.

Rev. Allan P. and Mrs. Kennedy, with their little daughter, sailed from New York on Saturday last for their home in Jamaica.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Giles of Ottawa are spending Christmas and New Year's week with Mrs. Giles' parents, Dr. and Mrs. Barrick of Bond street.

I was pleased to note recently that the concert given in St. George's Hall for the Nurses' Home of the Western Hospital netted a nice sum toward its worthy object. The ladies connected with the enterprise worked like Trojans and deserve the success they achieved.

The Toronto Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association held a poultry show, commencing on Thursday of last week, in the basement of Massey Hall. Great interest attached to this show and it was exceedingly successful.

Miss DuMoulin returned to Hamilton on Friday, having had a very pleasant little visit with relatives in Toronto.

A bright and talented little lady is Miss Jennie Byford, daughter of Mr. Byford of Spadina avenue, who is studying music under the world-famed Krause in Leipzig. Miss

Jennie's descriptive letters are capital reading, and she shows remarkable perception and observation for a lassie of fourteen years. She is steeped in the musical atmosphere of that part of the Fatherland, and gives charming accounts of trips to Weimar and Eisenach, teeming with interest to music-lovers.

On Monday noon Her Excellency Lady Aberdeen drove to the Presbyterian Ladies' College and talked for half an hour to the students on various subjects suitable to the consideration of those radiant and demure girls who make such a picture of the lofty drawing-rooms of the College whenever they gather therein. Mrs. McIntyre, ever gracious and dignified, the Principal, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. J. Kerr Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Blaikie, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, and Mr. Edward Fisher were among the party who received Her Excellency, who was presented with a sheaf of lovely pink and white roses. Her Excellency came unattended, and after her address the teachers and students were introduced to her, receiving each a kind smile and word as a souvenir of Vice-Royalty. The Christmas concert took place at the College on Tuesday evening.

Miss Kathleen Sullivan, second daughter of the Bishop, is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. The many friends of Miss Sullivan and also that wider circle who know and admire her as an original and graceful writer, will anxiously await news of her convalescence.

One of the latest debutantes is Miss Annie Long of Woodlawn, whose coming-out dance was mentioned among last week's festivities. Miss Long and her sister have been away at school for such a lengthy time that the debut of the second and the anticipated coming of the third daughter back to Woodlawn have almost surprised their friends.

A very pretty tea was given by Miss Ashley Dunnet to a large number of her young friends of both sexes, on Saturday afternoon. The young people filled the handsome parlors of Mr. Dunnet's residence in Huntley street and enjoyed a couple of hours' merry converse, a very bright group of girls, Miss Ashley's school friends, being on hand from the Presbyterian Ladies' College, in charge of Miss Murphy, the elocution mistress. The clever little hostess wore a frock of dotted muslin, with stock and ribbons of rose-color, and Mr. and Mrs. Dunnet were hearty and cordial in the reception of their niece's young friends. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Crean and one or two others joined in Christmas well-wishes over a glass of Pommery, when the merry party broke up about seven o'clock. The tea-table, presided over by Miss McCammon and plentifully laden with dainties, was very prettily decorated with pink roses.

The Foresters' Temple.

THE formal opening of the Foresters' magnificent new building on Friday evening of last week was another evidence of the astonishing popularity of the order. It is said that ten thousand people visited the Temple during the evening. There were seated on the platform gentlemen from all parts of Ontario, from New Brunswick, Quebec, Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Maine and California, and other distant States and provinces. The growth of the Independent Order of Foresters partakes something of that phenomenal spirit which moves masses of people to unite themselves in a common cause—a spirit exemplified so often in history.

In 1881 the association was a small affair with courts in Ontario, Quebec and New Jersey. To-day it embraces the whole of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain and Ireland. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of Canada, is a member, and Premier Greenway

of Manitoba is one of the latest of those initiated. The chief force in this spread of influence and membership has been in the person of the Supreme Chief Ranger, Dr. Oronhyatekha. "The Doctor," as he is affectionately called by Foresters the world over, is one of those great organizers about whom men gather with enthusiasm. He has the gift of oratory. His personality is striking and dignified; in fact, the figure and character of Dr. Oronhyatekha would look out of place in any capacity but that of a leader. He has that confidence in himself that makes others believe in him, and which is absolutely necessary in an organizer and leader of men. He has the charm of manner and bearing known as magnetism. Dr. Oronhyatekha has made the I. O. F. what it is, the most popular benevolent and insurance association in the world. The Doctor gave some significant figures in his speech on Friday night. "In 1881 the order numbered," he said, "300 members, and had not a dollar to bless itself or any of its friends." On December 1 of the present year, after all expenses of benefits, management and so forth had been accounted for, there remained a surplus of \$2,508,000. On November 1 of this year the membership numbered 125,000. This in sixteen years. Since July 1st, 11,157 members have been initiated. There seems to be a wide conviction as to the stability of the Foresters. And this idea their splendid building will no doubt confirm. SATURDAY NIGHT congratulates the city on having another magnificent structure added to her growing number of fine buildings.

New Line of Samples.

A vocal instructor in New York recently put the phonograph to an unusual use. She had several pupils for whom she was anxious to secure European experience, and she had them sing into the phonographic horn. She took the cylinder to Berlin, where the voices were reproduced for the German managers so successfully that engagements to sing in concert and opera were obtained for two of her pupils.

A Foe to Strong Drink.

Cincinnati Enquirer.
Mrs. Wallace—Our milkman has been attending temperance meetings, he tells me.
Mr. Wallace—Yes, and I am afraid it has had a bad effect on him.
"How?"
"I think he has become so earnest a foe of strong drink that he has taken to watering the milk."



By Appointment Caterers to Her Excellency the Governor-General.

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will find us always ready to give information, and if favored with an order to do everything in our power to make their guests go away delighted with their hospitality.

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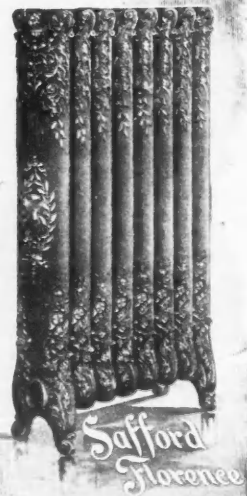
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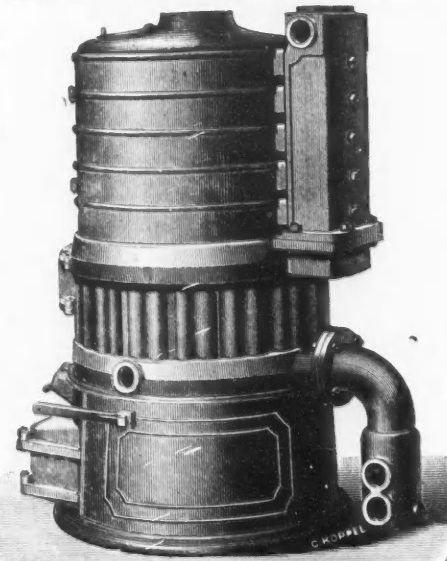
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Mrs. Jones—I wonder what it is that makes baby so wakeful? Mr. Jones (savagely)—Why, it's hereditary, of course!—this is what comes of your sitting up nights waiting for me!—Puck.

"We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."

Social and Personal.

The following ladies and gentlemen had the honor of being invited to dinner at Government House on Wednesday, December 22: His Honor the Lieut. Governor of Ontario and Miss Mowat, His Honor the Lieut. Governor of Manitoba, Captain Herbert Mowat, A.D.C.; Mrs. Cattanaach and Miss Cattanaach, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lorne Campbell, Mr. Martin Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McMurich, Major and Mrs. J. C. MacDougall, Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Rev. and Mrs. G. U. Wrong, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wanklyn, Sir John Hagarty, K.B.; Dr. H. B. Geikie, Mrs. Page Wadsworth and Miss Wadsworth, the Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Sullivan, Mrs. Arthurs and Miss Arthurs, Prof. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Walker, Rev. Dr. John Potts, Dr. G. A. Peters, Prof. and Mrs. Macallum, Dr. and Mrs. James Carlyle, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Garney, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, Dr. and Mrs. A. Primrose, Prof. Maurice Hutton, Rev. Prof. and Mrs. James Ballantyne, Dr. Reeve, Miss Carly, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Macdonald, Hon. Chief Justice Armour, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Massey, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bertram, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Treble, Mr. Castell Hopkins, Prof. Theodore Rand, Mr. D. R. and Miss Wilkie, His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. A. Bromley Davenport, Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G., Capt. Fleming. The house party consisted of: Lord Haddo, Mr. Matthew White Ridley, Mr. Erskine, Dr. Hewett, Capt. Wilberforce, A.D.C.; Capt. Wyatt, A.D.C.; Major Denison, A.D.C., and Mr. MacInnes, A.D.C.

A very large turnout greeted Their Excellencies at Loretto Abbey on the occasion of their visit last Monday afternoon. An illuminated address and lovely flowers were presented and the whole affair was, as are all the Loretto receptions, a huge success. Among those present were: His Grace Archbishop Walsh, Vicar-General McCann, Rev. Fathers Devine, Walsh, Murray, W. McCann, Dollard, McEntee, Minahan, Sir Frank Smith, Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake, Hon. G. W. Ross, Mrs. and Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene O'Keefe, Mrs. French, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, Mr. McGann, Mr. and Mrs. Prendergast, Dr. and Mrs. May, Mr. and Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Mrs. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Harkins, Mrs. Dwyer, Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. J. S. Foy, Mr. Cronin, Mrs. Law, Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Austin Smith, Mrs. Mason, Miss Cooper, Miss Michie, Miss Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Tilly, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, the Misses Plunkett, Mrs. McMichen, Dr. and Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Urquhart, Mrs. N. Rooney, Mrs. P. Rooney, Miss George, Mrs. McBrady, Miss Small, the Misses Kirk, Miss Leverich, Mrs. Cosgrave, Mrs. Gosling and several others.

The visit of Lord and Lady Aberdeen to the fine new Conservatory of Music in College street took place on Wednesday morning. Their Excellencies drove up shortly after eleven and were received by Hon. G. W. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher and the staff of teachers. Quite a number of friends and pupils were present. After some interchange of courtesies in the board room, Their Excellencies, with Major Denison, were conducted over the Conservatory and adjourned to the concert hall, where four young ladies, one from each department, rendered four numbers, a little programme, but as good as it was short. Miss Heinrich played; Miss Sibbitts recited, and heartily did Their Excellencies enjoy this funny little drama; Miss Louie Fulton played a violin solo, and Miss Mabel Thompson sang "It Was a Dream." Then Lord Aberdeen made a very nice little speech of acknowledgment of the pleasure he and Lady Aberdeen had received, and the Vice-Regal party drove away. During their visit little Miss Creelman, daughter of Mrs. A. R. Creelman, presented a bouquet of crimson and white roses to Lady Aberdeen, who chatted to the little maid and gave her a motherly kiss. Then Her Excellency with a smile and bow presented Hon. Mr. Allan with a red rose for his buttonhole, and also decorated His Excellency in like manner.

Why is it that the Vice-Regal party have not patronized the opera house this season? Even should Her Excellency be so busy as to spend the entire day in writing, as has happened before, the merit of such an opera as Shamus O'Brien might have so appealed to her well known sympathies in Hibernian matters as to have coaxed her to give a filip to the Toronto public's interest therein by attending for one evening.

Again Hamilton loses and Toronto gains. I refer to the marriage of our fellow-citizen Mr. B. B. Osler and Miss Ramsay of Hamilton, last Saturday.

A great many are leaving town to spend Christmas Day and Sunday with friends and relatives. I hear that the old Scotch custom of New Year calls is to be indulged in more than usual this first day of 1898 so soon at hand.

The Skating Club held its first 1897-8 reception this week. Hockey clubs are also ready with puck and sticks, and soon we shall be having some exciting matches. Who will gain the bank championship this year? is a question many are already indulging in. Commerce is the present holder of it and I hear is determined to keep it.

The 18th Highlanders are upholding Scotch traditions or characteristics, or both—when they get anything they keep it. On Tuesday evening in Massey Music Hall the Royal Grenadiers in the person of Sergeant-Major Morgans tried their bayonet chances with the 18th Highlander champion, Private Stewart, who came back from Islington this summer covered with glory, but Private Stewart was found not wanting in the afore-mentioned traditions and characteristics, and the band still plays Scotch tunes.

Sir Sandford Fleming was a distinguished guest at Government House last Tuesday. A guest asked what were the medals worn in a very smart succession by our distinguished townsman, Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson. The doctor wore the North-West medal, the Jubilee medal, the order of St. John, and the orders of the Red

Cross of France, England and America, quite a pretty little half-dozen.

The closing exercises of the Normal kindergarten were, as usual, perfectly charming. The dear little tots seem to grow cleverer each year. Their tiny envelopes enclosing the "invites" have the initials "N. K.," in gold, freely translated by one of the class as "nice kids."

One feels sorry for Charlie after seeing his aunt, the elephantine female who has been on show at the Princess this week. There is a member of the company who could dress and do the act in a way to recall the inimitable first exponent here, but he isn't the manager.

Many who remember Alfred Terriss gave him a thought this week when his remains, attended by the kings of the stage and honored by tributes of flowers from many of its queens, were borne to their resting-place in Brompton Cemetery. Sir Henry Irving, Grossmith, Messrs. Gatti and Mr. Charles Wyndham, with the sons of the deceased actor, were mourners.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Bright of Ross street gave a very pretty tea for her visiting daughter, Mrs. Strickland. Dainty rooms, pretty waitresses and delicious refreshments combined to ensure the pleasure of the guests, still further augmented by Mrs. Bright's cordial welcome.

The marriage of Mr. Johnston Morrison and Miss Louise Maud Hicks was celebrated at St. Stephen's Church on December 11, Rev. A. J. Broughall officiating. Mr. Edward Morrison was best man and Miss Louise Morrison, Misses Ina and Audrey Hicks were maid of honor and bridesmaids. A reception was held after the marriage at 151 Borden street.

A very handsome set of carvers were among the many fine wedding gifts presented to Mr. and Mrs. Patriarche on Tuesday, being the gift of the office staff and foreman of the Electric Light Company, with whom the bridegroom is employed.

Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Suckling have removed to No. 33 Bernard avenue, where Mrs. Suckling receives on every second Friday afternoon in the month.

A Scottish set, inaugurated by the officers of the 18th Highlanders, is added to the list already announced for the Victorian Era ball, and they will foot it lively to the pipes on that brilliant occasion. Some of the finest dancers of Scottish reels and strathspeys are among the members of this set, and the master of ceremonies can get some good wrinkles if there is anything left of him by the time the Scottish set takes the floor.

The dinner given at the Toronto Club to Mr. Harvey P. Dwight last Wednesday evening was in many ways a striking and unique affair. Mr. Dwight's pioneer record was neatly hinted at in the scheme of table decoration which whispered more of the backwoods than the florist. Mr. Dwight has been fifty years connected with the telegraph service of Canada. Fir, pine and other evergreens wreathed the *salle a manger* and grew gaily from the rocky, mossy centerpiece, the design of which was representative of wood-land and water in the fairland of Muskoka, and was most minutely and cleverly carried out. Covers were laid for seventy guests.

A shock to many friends was the sudden demise of Dr. James H. Burns of College street, who was buried last Wednesday amid the regrets of many and the heart-rending grief of his loving family. Dr. Burns deserved all the affection he inspired, and the confidence of his numerous patients was well placed, for a kinder man and a more attentive and skilful physician it were hard to name. The funeral service was performed by Rev. Dr. Langtry, assisted by Rev. Dr. Pearson, and the pallbearers were: Mr. Justice Osler, Mr. Z. A. Lash, Mr. F. J. Phillips, Drs. Pyne, Charles O'Reilly and Atkins. Heaps of flowers were sent by prominent persons here and elsewhere, and a large number of friends were at the funeral. Mr. Cecil Burns, Mr. Douglas Burns, and Mrs. Thompson of Cayuga, whom we used to admire so much as sweet Miss Violet Burns, are with their beloved mother in her sad and sudden widowhood. Much affectionate sympathy is also hers from every quarter.

At the annual Christmas tree at the General Hospital a welcome gift was that of pictures and a handsome sofa to the Nurses' Home for their drawing-room. Dr. Long was Santa Claus and distributed useful presents to the patients, provided from subscriptions to the fund received by Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, who conveys thanks to all subscribers. Rev. A. H. Baldwin spoke, and Mr. Walter S. Lee made a splendid chairman.

On Monday the Governor-General gave Mr. J. W. L. Forster a sitting for his historical picture of the Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa in 1894. The Countess of Aberdeen paid a visit to the W. C. T. U. Shelter, where she was received by the president and a large number of workers. On Wednesday His Excellency enjoyed a game of curling at the Victoria Rink.

Crown-Attorney James W. Curry and family will reside at the Arlington for the winter season.

Mrs. H. A. Jukes, a society belle of Winnipeg, Man., is the guest of her brother, Mr. Frank J. McBean.

The scene at Ottawa, when the crowd was permitted to make a rush for the supper-room at the historical ball, is yet a wild and gruesome memory to some of us. Perhaps a judicious provision of lunch-baskets by the guests not dancing with the noble five hundred in the sets might allay the pangs of hunger induced by holding down a chair for three or four hours, and prevent a repetition of the Ottawa scramble.

Miss Florence Brinson (Mlle. Toronto of the Walter Damrosch Opera Co.) has arrived from Philadelphia and is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. W. Brinson.

Mrs. Cockburn gave a lovely Christmas-tree party to her granddaughter, little Miss Tait, on Wednesday afternoon, at which were some of the prettiest children in Toronto. Two little fairies from Glenadyth, Mrs. Ward's de-

lightful twins, Mrs. Gzowski's wee daughter, Mrs. George Denison's only little one, little Miss Miriam Elmsley and Lady Thompson's youngest daughter were among them. A Punch and Judy show, of the up-to-date sort, where worthy Punch puts the whole cast into the sausage-mill and grinds them up into sausages (a fine way to dispose of some theatrical companies we have suffered under), delighted the youngsters.

Miss Belle Swan and her mother, Mrs. John Swan of Baltimore, who spent last winter in Toronto, are at the Arlington and expect to stay all season.

Mr. Percy H. Gillmor and Mrs. Gillmor will spend the Christmas holidays in Washington, D.C.

On New Year's Eve that jolly community, the Railroad Conductors of the West, give their annual ball in the Confederation Life ball-room.

The commercial travelers are all home for the holidays, and on the evening of December 30 the Association will hold its annual concert in Massey Music Hall. Among those taking part will be: Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Bessie Bonnell, Mr. Warrington, Mr. Cameron, the Toronto Male Quartette, Mr. Mercier, Mr. Blackie, Miss Sargent, Madame Walther, Bert Harvey, Mr. Lebarge, Bernhard Walther, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Vibert of Montreal, and Miss Shippe. The commercial travelers will make a success of this.

A bright and handsome matron, recently resident in Toronto, is Mrs. Charles T. Harvey. Mr. Harvey is a prominent man of affairs from the adjacent republic, and has taken up house at 416 Sherbourne street, where his charming wife is yet another hostess of that pleasant group which we have borrowed from our Southern neighbors. Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Harmon Brown, Mrs. Heaven and Mrs. Harvey are four acquisitions to social circles whom we greatly appreciate.

Looking at the Foresters' Building in Bay street one would think it had tried to reach as high as the new Court House tower. It probably did start out with that intention, but got tired waiting for the finish of the municipal pile, and so the sturdy Foresters completed their temple and had it thrown open to the public last Friday week. A very generous reception was given to the many who availed themselves of the opportunity to inspect our latest and one of our finest buildings. There were plenty of people, and speeches, and music, and everything else to make glad the heart of man and woman, and this public baptism was a success in every way.

Costumes to be worn at the Victorian Era ball are to be gorgeous and costly beyond anything seen in a Toronto ball-room. The leading *modistes* are working night and day at splendid array for the gay pleasure-seekers, from Her Excellency of Aberdeen down to the twittering *debutante* who dreams of a *maison de faibles* and a march of nymphs. Her Excellency's gown, which is now in the hands of Stitt, whose art is acknowledged to be worthy of the most exalted patronage, is a bodice and jupon of Royal blue silk velvet, with a tremendous train of white Irish poplin, deeply embroidered in gold and lined with vivid red satin. Jewels galore adorn the beautiful robe, and Her Excellency, in the colors of the Empire, will be a grand and imposing figure on Tuesday night. I am glad to note that the suggestion of SATURDAY NIGHT in regard to the claims of local *modistes* has been so universally accepted and that, as was prophesied some weeks ago, the advent of the Vice-Regal Court was the signal for an expenditure in smart circles which has depleted the stocks of the leading merchants to an unheard-of extent. One enterprising importer said in my hearing last week: "I only wish I'd brought over twice as many bales," when asked for some rich texture completely sold out. In this way Lord and Lady Aberdeen have won the thanks of that portion of the community known as "trade," on which our prosperity and comfort so largely depend.

Dr. C. E. Saunders, whose advertisement appears in another column, has been giving instruction in vocal music to Lady Marjorie Gordon throughout the sojourn of the Vice-Regal party in our city. Dr. Saunders is known as one of our ablest musicians as well as a most competent critic, and this recognition of his thorough work is welcomed.

The marriage of Mr. Harold Patriarche and Miss Frances Macdonald took place in St. Simon's church at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon and was witnessed by a smart party of friends of the young people. Rev. Street Macklem officiated and Mr. Harrison presided at the organ. Miss Macdonald, who was led in and given away by Mr. Allen of Goderich, wore a trained robe of white satin with *guimpe* and sleeves of *chiffon*, and a cloudy *tulle* veil wrapped her *petite* figure. Four bridesmaids attended the bride—Miss Berryman, the Misses Patriarche, sisters of the groom, and Miss Allen of Goderich. Two and two, the smartly gowned maids, wearing white muslin frocks, with stocks and collars of rose-pink and apple-green respectively, and large black hats with plumes, and knots of color to match their collars, and preceded by the four ushers—Messrs. Thrift Burnside, D. Mulhol, land, Edward Laver and C. Evans-Lewis—walked slowly up the aisle of the pretty church, between rows of friends who scarcely noticed them while watching for the first glimpse of the bride, who looked exceedingly well in her bridal array. Mr. R. F. Pack was best man. An honored guest was the great-uncle of the bride, who has resided with her since her mother's death some years ago, at her home in Sherbourne street. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the home of the bride, and shortly after bid Mr. and Mrs. Patriarche good-bye on their departure for a honeymoon in the East, where all good wishes, always doubly earnest when the young bride is without father or mother, follow them from many kind friends. Mr. and Mrs. Patriarche will take up house in Parkdale on their return. Among the guests at the ceremony were Mrs. Patriarche, mother of the groom, stately and handsome in a black and white gown with Elizabethan collar, Mrs. Heaven of Atherly and the Misses Heaven, Mr. and Mrs. Glass.

Addresses Wanted.

At Denver, Colorado, post-office a copy of SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS and a photo addressed to "W. Percy, P.O. Box 271, Hardman, Colo.," await a better address. Sender please write this office.

Tragedy of a Slot Machine.

London Globe.

The world's greatest tragedies have never been written, and the worst of its sorrows have never been spoken. A penny-in-the-slot weighing machine at Ilford Station was forcibly opened yesterday morning and the money it contained stolen. The agony which the poor thing must have suffered while being burgled on that lonely platform in the cold gray of a winter's morning was too deep for words; and, besides, it had no works for the purpose. It must have suffered almost as much as the talking parrot who was cooked by mistake for dinner and could not think of anything to say in time.

Io! Triumpho!

DARGAI RIDGE.

For Saturday Night.

Sing for the spotless name
Of ancient song and story,
For the meteor flag whose deathless fame
Foremost in Freedom's ranks proclaim
Great Britain's deeds of glory.

Sing for the Land o' Leal,
May its unstained valor wave
In friendship true as its own bright steel,
Unsheathed as of old, with manly zeal—
The stalwart, the free, the brave.

Honor the band who stood
That tempest of rebel hail;
Sons by the souls of their sires imbued,
To grapple with death in its sternest mood,
Is the meed of the free-born Gael.

Mourn for the Highland brave
Who sank 'mid the battle's roar;
Soundly he sleeps in a hero's grave,
And the pibroch may sound and the tempest
He shall awaken—ah, nevermore!
Quebec, Dec., '97. BYRON NICHOLSON.

A Lover's Knot.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"No," said Evangeline Glendenning, as she looked down at the floor and nervously twisted her slim little fingers; "no, Alfred, I am sorry, but it cannot be."

Alfred Doncaster had loved the beautiful girl from the moment he had first seen her, and he had fondly believed that she looked upon him with more than ordinary favor.

But now his hopes lay shattered, and the future stretched out black before him.

The strong, handsome young man sighed and was silent for a long time. At last the sweet maiden said:

"Try to be brave, Alfred. Look at me. See how I am bearing up."

He turned towards her in wonder and said:

"Why should you bid me do this? What have you to bear up under?"

She shrank back a little and replied:

"Oh, Alfred, if you only knew!"

"Evangeline!" he cried, catching her in his arms, and holding her in a strong embrace,

"you love me! Ah, darling, you cannot hide the truth from me! Tell me it is so."

"Yes," she whispered, "I love you, Alfred."

"Oh, heaven!" he groaned, "this is terrible—terrible! Oh, if you only hated me—loathed me! Then my fate would be less bitter."

She was frightened, and drew away from him.

"Why," she asked, "do you want me to hate you?"

"Ah," he answered, "I might bear my own burden; but how can I survive, knowing that you, too, suffer?"

"Yet why should either of us suffer?" the trembling girl enquired.

"Evangeline!" he almost hissed, "do not jest with me! Why should we suffer? Are we not to be—"

"Oh," she interrupted, "you're not going to let a little bluff stop you right at the start, are you? Did you want me to tumble into your arms the first thing, as if I had been merely waiting for the world? You must be new at the business."

Then she became so angry that it took Alfred Doncaster nearly seven minutes to win her back again.

A Carlist Princess.

Dona Elvira, the daughter of the Spanish pretender, Don Carlos, whose elopement with the painter, Folchi, created a great scandal a few months ago, is spending the winter at Tangier, where she is in excellent health and spirits and is well provided with money. Interesting developments are expected if her father is unsuccessful in his attempts to persuade her to withdraw the suit she has instituted against him to obtain her rights under her mother's will. The case is set for trial before the Lucca courts next month. Dona Elvira is the daughter of Don Carlos and the Princess Marguerite de Bourbon-Parma, who divorced her husband in 1882 and died in retirement. She left her estate, amounting to some two million lire and her dower rights, to her five children, of whom Dona Elvira is one, and who has received her share, with the exception of her portion of the original dower. When Dona Elvira eloped with Folchi, Don Carlos issued the famous manifesto declaring her dead, and the family put on mourning for her, but she immediately instituted a suit for her inheritance under her mother's will. If the case is pressed, the trial will doubtless be very awkward for the pretender.

Chafing Dishes

5 o'Clock

Tea Kettles and Stands

HOT WATER PLATES, DISH COVERS

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SPECIAL

2-clasp Gloves, in all colors, with Fancy Stitchings, \$1.00.

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Pendants

are more in favor

by lovers of fine

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being suitable for

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Finest

Jewellers and

Silversmiths

Kents'

PALMS

Come and inspect our stock.

Prices marked in plain figures.

Christmas

Flowers

Can be ordered now. Safe delivery guaranteed to any distance.

Dunlop's

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Social and Personal.

The last of the four dances given by Lady Aberdeen on Tuesday evenings during the past two months took place this week, and though comparisons may be invidious it was by many voted the peer of any, and perhaps even more enjoyable in some ways than its predecessors. Many beautiful women were there, many lovely girls, some of whom, like Miss Connie Beardmore and the pretty young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, were greeted either with enthusiasm after absence or with admiration on a strictly first appearance. Everyone was talking about next Tuesday's ball, and nearly everyone was going. The different chaperones of the various sets, from Her Excellency to the youngest matron so distinguished and responsible, were more or less engaged in final arrangements and adaptations. The defalcation of one or two members, through illness or enforced absence from town, necessitated the chaperones calling upon their reserves to fill the places vacated. The idea of the reserves, who form part of each court, was a happy and now proves a useful one. As to the gowns worn on Tuesday last, most of them have been already described here and elsewhere, and therefore are not interesting to read about. Particularly handsome and becoming were Mrs. Morrow's heliotrope satin, Mrs. Kirkland's pale green satin brocade, and Mrs. Cattannach's cream brocade. Lady Marjorie Gordon wore white satin, and received such attentions as were permitted by the *aides* who "make up the programmes" of exalted personages. By the way, those same *aides* are hard-worked personages and are nobly fulfilling their duties in that responsible state of life to which it has pleased Vice-Royalty to call them. And they are getting it hot betimes about things they should not from what the Quaker community calls the "world outside," otherwise those unhappy mortals who have received no social recognition either on the small and early Tuesdays or for the apotheosis of smartness next week. It is obviously impossible for Lord and Lady Aberdeen to dine and dance *tout* Toronto. With very few slips have the lists been made up, and I fancy several had quarters of an hour have been the lot of the long-suffering and courteous gentlemen employed on them. A very funny book might easily be written upon the adding of an *aide* by some of the cranky people of our nobleburgh. Among the prominent people at the dance on Tuesday evening were: His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, who is very popular; Hon. Edward Blake, who leaves for England on Monday; Sir Casimir Gzowski, who is always first cavalier, and to whom the fairest woman or the loveliest girl is too happy to devote her best hour; Lord Haddo, who is spending Christmas with their Excellencies; Premier Hardy, Colonel Otter, Major Lessard, Major Young, Mr. Yarker, Mr. John Hagarty, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Melvin-Jones, Mr. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Young, Miss Yarker, Mrs. and Miss Hagarty, Lady Gzowski, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, Mrs. Blackstock Downey, Mrs. Cameron and Miss Yda Milligan, Mrs. and Miss Gurney, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Hume Blake, the Misses Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Dr. and Mrs. Grasset, Dr. and Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, Mrs. and Miss Cattannach, Capt. and Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Miss Beverley Robinson, Mr. Douglas and Miss Sheila Macdougall, Miss and Dr. Small, Messrs. J. and S. Small, Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mr. Gordon Clark, Miss Katie Stevenson, Miss Patteson, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Capt. and Mrs. Forester, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, the Misses Campbell, Mrs. and the Misses Edgar, Mr. J. Edgar, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, Mr. G. W. and Miss Beardmore, Mr. and Miss Marion Barker, Mr. Gordon Osler and Miss Osler, the Misses Montzambert, Miss Inez Mitchell, Mr. and Miss Edith Jarvis, Miss Sybil Seymour, the Misses Langmuir and Miss Muntzing, Messrs. Moss, J. Alley, W. Muir, Claude Macdonell, Messrs. and Miss Thompson, Mrs. and Miss Wadsworth, Mr. and Miss Cassels.

On Tuesday the Governor-General visited the Salvation Army Farm. With His Excellency were Lord Haddo and Mr. White Ridley. The party was accompanied by Miss Eva Booth. The premises and arrangements on the farm were fully inspected. On Wednesday, at 11.30, Their Excellencies paid a visit to the Conservatory of Music, after which the Governor-General visited the Ontario Veterinary College. In the afternoon His Excellency visited the Massey-Harris Works at about 3.30. Her Excellency visited the Mercer Reformatory, and later in the afternoon the Ladies' Work Repository. There was a dinner party at Government House in the evening.

A small and very delightful afternoon tea was given on Monday by Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, to give some of Mrs. Tait's friends a chance to have an hour with her. Mrs. Cockburn's long siege of last year, when a troublesome ankle kept her a prisoner for weeks, has left so much weakness of the ankle as to preclude her from taking part, either as hostess or guest, in any tiring function. On Monday, in fact, she was obliged to receive sitting down during part of the afternoon. In drawing-room and dining-room were groups of friends, and nearly at good-by time that clever and naive little one, Miss Winifred Tait, gave a flourish, to the amusement of everyone, by gravely playing a little waltz on Mrs. Cockburn's beautiful new grand piano, and dancing very gracefully and correctly a couple of solo dances to, let it be confessed in a whisper, the musical whistling of a certain fine girl, who laughingly excused her accomplishment by the remark that she was a sister with several big brothers. Little Miss Tait had a Christmas tree party on Wednesday afternoon, and was a marvelously thoughtful and self-possessed little hostess. Mrs. Tait was everywhere congratulated on looking so well after her long illness, and heartily envied by some the possession of such a winsome and intelligent little daughter.

Miss May Hamilton has returned to New York to resume the study of music. She left on Monday.

On Saturday last a very pretty and fashionable wedding was celebrated at the home of Mrs. W. W. Playter of Newmarket, when her

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IN— Scottish Tartan Plaids

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The Christmas Menu

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daughter, Miss Florence Playter, was united in marriage to Mr. R. McCormick of Montreal. The bride, one of the most popular young ladies of the town, was charmingly attired in a gown of white silk faille with chiffon and pearl trimmings. She wore the customary bridal veil looped with sprays of lilies-of-the-valley, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. She was attended by two fair maids, Miss Mabel

Halsted of Mount Forest and Miss Webb of Waterloo, who were daintily gowned in pale green and blue respectively and carried large bouquets of crimson roses. Preceding the bridal party were the little twin sisters of the bride, Misses Vera and Greta Playter, who, robed in white silk and carrying baskets of carnations and maiden-hair ferns, looked like veritable fairies as they entered the room. The bride was given away by her uncle, Sheriff Widdfield of Toronto. Rev. Mr. Matthews performing the ceremony. Mr. A. Hollingshead of Peterboro' was best man. The drawing-room was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and cut flowers, the whole forming a very pretty scene. Some very fine piano selections were given by Miss Perkins of Newmarket while the guests were assembling, the Wedding March being played as the bridal party entered. After the ceremony, when congratulations had been showered on the young couple, a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served, and later on Mr. and Mrs. McCormick left for their home in Montreal. There were many guests from a distance, and some very handsome gowns were seen. Mrs. Playter, mother of the bride, wore black *peau de soie* with chiffon and jet trimmings; Mrs. Marr of Markham looked well in a stylish gown of black beautifully embroidered with black silk, with bodice front of white chiffon with touches of bright red; Mrs. Webb of Waterloo wore dark green and blue shot silk with chiffon and jet trimmings; Miss Webber of Toronto wore white silk; Mrs. W. C. Widdfield was in fawn with bodice of pink accordion-plaited chiffon trimmed with green velvet and passementerie; Miss Widdfield of Toronto wore black *moire* velvet skirt and heliotrope silk waist veiled with black *mousseline de soie*; Miss Knowles had on a pretty blue and white striped silk.

The City Travelers' Association held their election of officers last Friday evening, at which the following were appointed for the ensuing year: President, G. B. Curran; 1st vice-president, W. J. Parks; 2nd vice-president, J. W. King; chaplain, E. Davis; treasurer, James Mortimer; secretary, Jerry Burns.

Miss Bata B. Robinson of 165 Dowling avenue has gone to Halifax for a year or two for her health and to visit her sister, Mrs. D. P. Mott.

Mr. W. D. Irvine, banker of Sioux City, Iowa, who is on his way to Jamaica for the benefit of his health, was in town last week visiting his sisters, Mrs. Smiley and Miss Irvine of Rosedale.

Mrs. W. J. Thomson of New York City is spending Christmas with her mother, Mrs. L. D. Closson of Spadina avenue.

Miss Norma Reynolds of the Toronto Conservatory of Music left on November 21 for New York to spend Christmas with her mother and her sister, Mrs. Wilcox. She will return in January.

Dr. and Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt returned to Toronto this week after spending a couple of months in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Malcolm Kent of London arrived yesterday to spend Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Coady of Huron street.

The officers of the Q.O.R. have sent out the smartest of Christmas cards, beautifully illuminated, with a picture of the gates of the Armories and two little pictures of the work and play of the regiment; the field manoeuvres on Thanksgiving day, wading the river, and the mess-room at dinner when the toast "To the friends of the regiment" was being drunk. It is a beautiful and artistic souvenir.

Mr. Rene Ivanowski is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones at Llawhaden. He is a piano virtuoso of rare excellence.

Mrs. Smith's Spoons.

Carrie Chapman Catt tells a good story about some silver spoons, says the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. One time Mrs. Smith married Mr. Smith. Mrs. Smith then discovered, so Mrs. Catt says, that she did not know what to do with Mr. Smith. During the course of a dozen years of happiness Mrs. Smith saved \$15. It does not appear whether the money came out of the grocer's bill or the milliner's account. At any rate, Mrs. Smith invested in twelve silver spoons at \$1.50 apiece. In the course of time Smith died. At a sale of the property the auctioneer said: "Now, Mrs. Smith, if there is anything you would especially like to keep we'll bid it in." "Well," said Mrs. Smith, "I'd like to keep those silver spoons. I paid for 'em, and I'd like to keep 'em." The spoons were put up and Mrs. Smith bid them in at \$1.50 apiece. Not so very long after a widower came along, made love to the Widow Smith and married her. He, too, died. The sale came off and the sorrowing widow bid in the spoons at \$1.50 apiece. A third time the original Mrs. Smith "had offers to get married." This time, however, she did not look with favor upon the proposition. "I want you to under-

And Now Comes New Year's!

Right royal feasting for the holidays—good things to eat. Wit, wisdom, good cheer at the table—now for a fitting ending to the feast, with a dainty, toothsome table jelly. "Quick, with the hot water—drop in the tablet—stir a moment and set away in a mould to cool."

Your grocer keeps those convenient, pure flavored delicate, highest quality

LAZENBY'S
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We also must remind you that we have the most pleasing HOLIDAY GIFTS at prices to suit all. Nothing is more suitable than a good bottle of Perfume, Hair Brush, Presentation Case, Atomizer, Travelling Companion, Smelling Salt Bottle, or some such other useful article. You can't imagine all the nice presents we are offering for sale, by reading this advertisement. Call and examine goods—no trouble to show them.

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Liquid Eugenie Enamel in pink, white, or flesh tints. Price, \$1.00. It gives a beautiful transparency and purity whiteness with a charming naturalness to the complexion. Is not affected by dust or perspiration and remains on until the face is washed.

Liquid Rose Bloom is another delightful preparation for such occasions. In shades for blonde or brunette. Best rouge sold only 30 cents. EYEBROW PENCILS, 25 cents.

After the Ball you will feel much better if your face and neck are thoroughly cleansed. Nothing will do this so perfectly nor leave your skin so soft and satiny as the

Princess White Rose Cream, 75 cents large bottle.

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stand," she answered, tearfully, "that I've bid in those silver spoons three times already, and I'm not going to buy them again."



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In HAIR GOODS we defy competition in quality and price.

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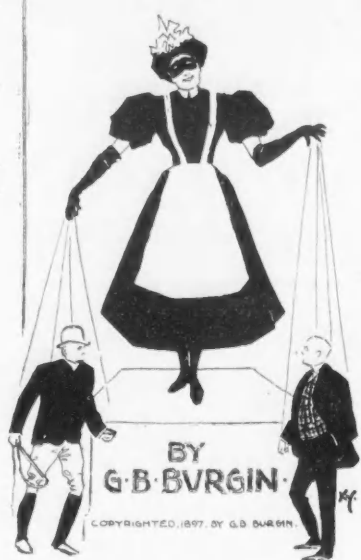
John Doe—I wonder what caused Gobang to collapse? I am told he is suffering from nervous prostration. Richard Roe—Yes. He sat down in a game of poker with a man who stuttered.—Puck.

"I am afraid that actors sometimes deceive us about the salaries they get," remarked the mild-mannered citizen. "No," replied the keen observer; "they may think they do, but they don't."—Washington Star.

Bass—I suppose you think I'm a fool? Cass—"That's what troubles me. If your supposition is correct, then you are a mind-reader, and therefore you can't be a fool; and yet—well, you understand."—Boston Transcript.

"How can I get an article in your paper?" asked a correspondent of a Western journal. "It all depends on the article you want to get into our paper," replied the editor; "if the article is small in bulk, like a hair-brush or a tea-caddy, spread the paper out upon the floor, and placing the article in the center, wrap it up by carefully folding the edges over it, and tie with a string. This will keep the article from slipping out of the paper. If, on the other hand, the article is an English bath-tub or a clothes-horse, you would better not try it at all."—Bazar.

HER REVENGE



THE office of *Top Lights* was situated, in direct contradistinction to its name, on the first floor of a palatial mansion in Fleet street. For the modest sum of fourpence, *Top Lights* provided that enthralling information as to the movement of the *beau monde*, which is so dear to the hearts of people whose mission in life is to look on from afar and to picture Heaven as a place where everyone has ten thousand a year and no grates to blacklead on Sunday mornings. Its information as to the doings of well known people was simply marvelous. Did a noble dame dream of running away with her groom on Monday, by Tuesday her husband knew all about the contemplated elopement through the medium of *Top Lights*.

Similarly, if the cases were reversed and a man "in society" thought of casting in his lot with one of those delightful stage ladies whose mission it is to amuse people already more than sufficiently elevated, beneficent *Top Lights* threw a strong glare of publicity on the case, and furnished such amusing details that the project fell through. But all at once the information in *Top Lights* began to lose the charm of accuracy. People could no longer rely on it, and matters were becoming serious, for the circulation fell off with alarming rapidity.

The reason which transpired was that a man who went everywhere and wrote with remarkable point and skill had been cut at a ball and requested not to call at his host's house any more. His offence was that he had written a perfectly innocuous paragraph about the ball. "We do not," said his host, "propose to know people whom we receive as guests, only to find that they earn dishonest half-crowns by making 'copy' of our proceedings. We shall have much pleasure in providing you with half-crowns provided you give up writing for society journals." Whereupon the paragraph writer had reformed and died of grief at having committed such an error.

After his death *Top Lights* lost its strongest prop until the editor hit upon the happy idea of employing as paid members of his staff all the ladies' maids of great people whom he could get to commence such an arduous literary career.

For a time the scheme went well. Unfortunately, however, the ladies' maids could not write as fluently as they talked. Their information set down in black and white was singularly pointless and inaccurate. It required much personal sifting and examining as to details, until the spectacled sub-editor of *Top Lights* at length hit upon the happy idea of receiving the ladies' maids every Monday morning, one at a time, and writing the paragraphs red-hot from their fair lips. He was a young man, and sometimes became confused at the airy lightness of details which were given him by his fair informants; but, by dint of having the office boy to chaperon him and sitting in a dark corner, he got through his weekly task, though not without many blushes. He was a young man with a strong tendency to the ministry, had not Providence ordained otherwise. So he wrote the paragraphs every week, although inwardly occupied with a new theory concerning the Mosaic Dispensation, which was far more interesting to him than all the backstairs tittle-tattle ever penned.

But one Monday morning a new lady's maid appeared at the office of *Top Lights*, with a bewitchingly pretty figure. Her face could not be seen, as she wore a veil. The sub-editor nervously played with his pencil, and forgot himself far enough to wish that the corner in which he received were not quite so dark. He noticed also, for, unlike most sub-editors, and in spite of his spectacles, he was an observant young man, that as the interview proceeded her grammar and pronunciation improved with marvelous rapidity. As she was the last of all, the sub-editor crumpled up his paragraphs, gave them to an office boy, and instructed him to take them down to the printers. "Tell them to leave a quarter of a column open," he said. "I'll send down the 'copy' presently."

Then he came out into the middle part of the room, turned up the electric light, and requested his fair visitor the felt sure she was fair) to communicate whatever items of feminine information she had been able to obtain.

"I—I'm really afraid I haven't any," said the Fair Unknown sweetly, but with obvious embarrassment.

It was on the tip of the tongue of the sub-editor to ask what the et cetera she meant by coming down there and wasting his time in the busiest part of the day. Being a good young man, however, in so far as his vocation admitted of goodness, he did not make such an observation. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" he enquired politely. "If

paragraphs are not your object may I ask how you came to gain admission to this morning At Home of mine?"

The lady's maid allowed him to pause for a minute. "Yes; it is rather early for an At Home, isn't it?" she enquired with charming irrelevancy. "You see my m—" She stopped short in confusion.

"You were about to say—" politely enquired the sub-editor.

"Oh, yes, I was about to say a lady's maid, a friend of mine, told me of your scheme for getting news. I thought I should like to learn to write personal paragraphs, though I'm told it is very difficult."

"It is," said the sub-editor proudly; "very difficult indeed. Not more than one man in a million can do it, without getting every bone in his body broken."

"Then you must be the man or you wouldn't be here," answered the lady's maid sweetly. "My friend says you write beautifully—I mean beautiful;" and she paused in evident distress at having spoken correctly.

It was the proudest moment of that spectacled sub-editor's life. Never before had he been told that he wrote "beautiful."

"Such a calling is not without its dangers," he said deprecatingly. "Personally I have a strong tendency for the ministry, and am told that the paragraph style of preaching would make a decided hit; but I have never had the time to 'train on' for it." And he did his best not to look like a round peg in a square hole.

The lady's maid sympathized with him. "I'm sure it is very trying," she said. "I'm so sorry for you. It must be such a beautiful thing to preach for an hour and a quarter, where no one dare contradict you. But I have some news which I am sure will interest you."

"Where are you employed?" asked the sub-editor, not quite relishing his visitor's views about preaching.

The lady's maid hesitated a moment. "Lady Vipont's," she said sweetly.

"Lady Vipont's!" A thrill of pleasure ran down the sub-editorial spine. No one had ever been able to get news from Lady Vipont's before. He wished he had "held over" half a column, and produced a pencil and pad of scribbling paper in feverish haste. "Won't you write it down?" he asked condescendingly. "I'll lick it into shape afterwards."

"You are very kind," said the lady's maid, somewhat sarcastically. "But I have a foolish idea that I should like to try to write this paragraph of mine all by myself. You see it is my first attempt in literature. I should like to remember some day when I am an old woman that I did it all by myself."

"Oh, very well," rejoined the sub-editor humbly, for he was but mortal. "Perhaps you had better dictate it to me."

"Perhaps I had," assented the Fair Unknown. "It's—it's about" (he could almost feel that there was a blush in her voice) "Archie—I mean Lord Archie Vipont."

"Yes?" said the sub-editor, trembling with eagerness so that his fingers could scarcely hold the pencil. "Yes? Go on, please."

"We understand, on the highest possible authority, that a marriage has been arranged between Lord Archie Vipont and the wealthy Miss Massington, whose father is the latest addition to the Peerage. It is rumored at the same time that this step is the result of a temporary misunderstanding with another young lady, who is reported to be not wholly inconsolable. I don't know how to spell inconsolable," continued the lady's maid with a gulp, as she hurried over the word, "but that's the way I want the paragraph put in."

"You're sure this is correct? I'll attend to the spelling," said the sub-editor, unsuspectingly.

"Positive. How much am I to get for it?" The sub-editor considered. "Our ordinary rate is half-a-crown a statement," he said. "In this instance, however, the information is quite worth five shillings. That is to say, for about five lines of type we are virtually presenting you with fifteen copies of *Top Lights*."

"How good of you!" said the lady's maid, as if quite overwhelmed by this princely generosity.

"Hum, yes, it is, now I come to think of it," mused the sub-editor. "You might be able to let us have some more news next Monday. Will you look in about half-past eleven?"

"When does the paper appear?" asked the Fair Unknown.

"Late on Saturday night, so that people who don't go to church," said the sub-editor with a groan ("I grieve to state, from personal knowledge, that a good many of our subscribers don't attend any place of worship at all"), "can read the paper in bed or at breakfast on Sunday morning. We've had it made a convenient size on purpose."

"So you see you are still able to get a congregation," said the Fair Unknown, somewhat flippantly. "I will come down at eleven-thirty next Monday, and I think I can promise you a surprise."

"You're very good," said the sub-editor politely. "Good morning."

"Good morning," and she went out.

The sub-editor would have been greatly surprised if he had followed his visitor around the corner of the next street and seen her get into a stylish little brougham. She threw back her veil and smiled when secure from observation. "That was really a nice young man," she said merrily. "If my little plot succeeds, he shall certainly 'train on' for the ministry. Home, Parkins."

"Yes, m'lady," said Parkins, touching his hat with bewildered deference.

CHAPTER II.

The spectacled sub-editor went to church on the following Sunday morning and edited the sermon with much gusto. He thought it wanted "cutting," but did not see his way how to perform such an operation. While still brooding over the subject on his way to town the next morning, something more mundane obscured his vision, and brought to mind the sensation which *Top Lights* must have occasioned by its authoritative statement of the day before. When he reached the office and had skimmed through his letters, he found himself looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to meeting with the Fair Unknown. Possibly, in her capacity of lady's maid, she had the *entree* to several big houses and could not fail to learn all that was going on and

being done by people whose acts were worth recording.

The world had become rather tired of chronicling the doings of millionaires—they were so common; but it did want to know as much as possible about our ancient families. There seemed to be a curious feeling in the air that someone would bring in a bill to disestablish ancient families; it would, therefore, be as well to know as much as possible about them before they became mere common clay. With the assistance of the Fair Unknown the sub-editor determined to obtain as much information on the subject as possible, and when he had successfully reinstated the paper in its former lofty position, either join the Salvation Army and convert his former readers, or become a colporteur at the Docks. He might get hold of the Lascars there, and reform them. But he was tired of sub-editing; it was worse than breaking stones, because stone-breaking always commands a certain amount of public esteem and appreciation, whereas the sub-editor is a modern scapegoat daily offered up at sacrificial altars, and invariably expected to enjoy the roasting.

At a quarter-past eleven, as the last lady's maid disappeared, the sub-editor repeated the formula of the preceding week, crumpled up his "pars," and sent them down to the printer. After lunch he would sally forth to a club and there ascertain the feeling of his fellow-creatures in reference to Lord Vipont's forthcoming marriage, an item which even the *Daily Stodge* would have given the editorial ears to obtain, big as they were. In the meantime he hoped the Fair Unknown would be punctual. There was something very piquant in her voice; she seemed far above her position; and it suddenly dawned upon him that it was his duty as a conscientious sub-editor to convert her before roaming so far away from his present sphere of usefulness as to hunt for Lascars,

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a tremor in her voice. "I'm responsible for this little—" She hesitated for a word.

"Fracas?" asked the sub-editor cheerfully, as he felt his biceps and squared his shoulders. "What we want in everyday life is a little more reality. We're too much given to dreaming. The savage in us doesn't get a chance. Just a few rounds, and I shall be ever so much better. I'm growing very puddy. It clears one's brain so."

"I thought," hazarded the Fair Unknown, "that you wanted to be a clergyman."

"So I do," said the sub-editor buoyantly. "My dear girl, have you never heard of the church militant?" And he jubilantly plunged his fist into the eye of an imaginary opponent.

The girl shuddered as a manly step was heard on the stairs. "Here he comes," she cried, with a shiver. "I know his step."

"You wouldn't like to go out?" enquired the sub-editor. "You can stay on the landing if you like till it's all over. There's a little door here."

"No, th—thank you," said the Fair Unknown. "Some fatal fascination forces me to

And the fight began. It only terminated because want of condition began to tell on the sub-editor. He made a valiant struggle, but his visitor had the advantage of iron and sinews of steel. So it came to pass that the sub-editor found himself jammed down on the floor, whilst Lord Archie felt around for the whip, which he had dropped during the scuffle.

"Apologize," cried Lord Archie, as his fingers grasped the whip.

"I'll be hanged if I—"

The whip was raised ominously and about to descend on the sub-editor's form (he had taken off his spectacles before the combat began), when the Fair Unknown shrieked, rushed out from her corner, and wrested the whip away from the muscular youth.

"Let him alone, Archie. Let him alone," she cried passionately. "It was all my doing. I wanted to show you I didn't care."

The sub-editor took advantage of the dramatic pause which ensued to get up and dust himself. "Floor isn't as good as it might be," he said cheerfully. "If you'll excuse me I'll go out on the landing until I'm wanted." He took a chair and went out. The youth remained gazing at the floor with growing embarrassment.

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"You, Constance, you!" was all he said, but there was a world of reproach in his tones. The Fair Unknown's veil had come off. There were tears in her exquisite eyes, but none in her voice. "I—I did it," she said.

"What for?" asked the young man, making a step toward her.

"Horsewhip me first, and I'll tell you," she breathed. "Do, please, do. I want to be horsewhipped."

The young man threw down the whip with an inarticulate cry. "For heaven's sake, Constance, tell me the meaning of this mad freak."

"I—I—oh, Archie!" And the floodgates were opened.

"What did you do it for?" he asked when the agony had abated.

"You were so p—p—roud, and I—I wanted to make it up," she said. "I thought it would rouse you."

Lord Archie went to the door. "Mr. Editor?" "No, no; you do me too much honor," said the sub-editor, looking up from his writing-pad. "I'm only a sub. Just throw me out my spectacles."

"Will you have the goodness to come in, accept my apology, and make a correction in that paragraph to which I referred just now?" "With pleasure," said the sub-editor; "it's all 'copy,' you know."

"Just alter the name to Lady Constance Hammersley and drop out the consolation business; that's all."

The sub-editor did it. "I'm afraid you've imposed upon me," he said, benignly regarding Lady Constance. "Nothing but your youth and—and your charm of manner could possibly excuse you."

Lady Constance gave him her hand. "You are the kindest man in the world."

"I don't want to be offensive," said Lord Archie, radiant with happiness, "but can't I do anything for you, you know? I'm beastly rich."

"And I'm beastly poor," said the sub-editor cheerfully. "There's one favor I'd like to ask of you, though."

"Name it," they said eagerly. "If you'd let me keep that whip. It will serve for a reminder when I'm getting soft. I've had enough of this business. In the parlance of our classical nineteenth century drama, 'I'm going to chuck it.'"

And he did. Possibly he might have blossomed out as a full-fledged editor some day; but, strangely enough, he is attending to Lord Archie's colliers up in the North and "training on" for the Church. If he carries out his intention he will probably be the first curate who ever carried off first prize for a bull pup at a local show. And he is no longer "soft," but can throw a coal-heaver in a wrestling bout with ease. Curiously enough, he is recognized by his Northern friends, who know nothing of the past, as "Top Lights," owing to a habit he has of pushing his spectacles back when about to enforce arguments of any kind. If his spectacles are thrust high on his forehead, people always know that "Top Lights" means business, and get out of the way accordingly.

[THE END.]

Next Week—THE GINGER OF PERCE ROCK, by GILBERT PARKER. A Powerful New Story.

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Socrates on the Links.

By ANDREW LANG.
From "A Batch of Golfing Papers."

GOING down toward the shore lately I met Critias and the beautiful Charmides, for indeed they are seldom apart. Seeing that they carried in their hands clubs not only of wood, but of iron and even of brass, I conceived that they were bound for the Palaestra.

"Hail to you, Critias," I said; "is it permitted to accompany you?"

"Indeed, Socrates, you may, and you may even carry these clubs for me," said Critias.

"But," said I, "is the carrying of clubs an art or a sport?"

"An art if it be done for money," he said; "but a sport, if to oblige a friend, for the things of friends are common."

"Will you then lend me your putter to knock yonder sophist on the head?" I asked, but he denied it with an oath.

"Neither then," said I, "O best of men, will I carry your clubs, for it does not become one who has not learned an art to practice it."

Critias was now building a small altar of sea sand, on which he placed a white ball, and addressed himself to it in a pious manner, and becomingly.

"It is a singularly fine morning," I remarked; on hearing which he smote his ball, not rightly, nor according to law, but on the top so that it ran into the road, and there lay in a rut.

"Tell me, Critias," I said, "do you think it becoming a philosopher, and one who studies the sacred writings even of the extreme Barbarians, to be incapable of self-command, and that in a trifling matter such as whether a ball is hit fairly, or not fairly?"

But he seized an iron club and glared upon me so fiercely that I turned to Charmides, who was now about to hit his ball for the second time.

He observing that it was "a beautiful lie," I asked him: "Charmides, can we say that any lie is really beautiful or noble, or are not nobility and beauty rather the attributes of the True?"

He thereupon struck his ball, but not skillfully so that it fell into the Ilissus, which did not seem to be his intention, but otherwise.

"Socrates," he said, "you have made me heel it."

"That," I answered, "is rather the function of the physician, and yet no harm may be done, for shall we not say that healing is also an art, and beneficial?"

But by this time they had crossed the Ilissus, walking, one by a bridge of stone and the other by a bridge of wood, whereas I deemed it more seeming to go around by the road. Hurrying after them, I found them declaring that "the hole was halved," and as they again stood up before their balls, with genuflections, as is customary and pious, I said to Critias: "Then, Critias, if the half, as Hesiod tells us, be better than the hole, is he more truly fortunate, and

favoured of the gods, who wins one half, or two holes, or—"

But as I was speaking he struck his ball, not far off but near, into a sandpit which is in that place, and hard by it is a stone pillar, the altar perhaps, of some God, or the sepulchre of a hero.

"What call you this place, Critias?" I said to him, as he smote the sand repeatedly with an iron instrument.

"We call it a bunker," he said.

"Is it, then, analogous to what you name a 'bunk,' or even more so, for have you not observed that when the syllable 'er' is added to an adjective, then, as Cratylus says, addition of a sort is predicated?"

By this time he was in another sandpit, digging eagerly with his iron weapon.

"Critias," I said, "of three things one. Either a wise man will not go into bunkers, or, being in, he will endure such things as befall him with patience, or, having called to his aid certain of the agricultural class, he will fill up those cavities, adding a prayer to the local Gods, and perhaps sacrificing a tom-cat."

But, I having said this, Critias and Charmides turned upon me with imprecations and nibbles, and, having first rolled me in the gorse bushes, and hurt me very much, they then beat me with the shafts of their clubs, and, next filling my mouth with sand, they bore me along and cast me into the Ilissus, whence I hardly escaped by swimming.

"Now, Socrates," they said, "is it more becoming a philosopher to speak to a man when he is addressing himself to his ball, or rather, having somewhere found a professor, to prove to him—he being perhaps an old man or an amiable—that he does not understand his own business?"

But, by the Dog, I was in no case to answer this question; rather I have brought an action against Critias and Charmides before the Court of the Areopagus, estimating at several minae the injuries which I received, as I have already told you.

December.

For Saturday Night.

The poet in his "snuggery"

Is writing all he can remember
Of the impressions he received
This afternoon of chill December.

The stream is freezing silyly,
He says; the trees drop ruddy gold;
While he is feeling shivery
And well nigh freezing with the cold.

The distant hills looked blue, he writes;
And to himself he knows the reason.
He's looking blue himself, because
Such things are only but in season.
He writes "December" from his notes.
For 'tis the month his notes are due;
Then pensively regards the grate,
And feels his pocket empty, too.

Oh, when you think upon the bard,
Tis tough in fifty-five degrees
Of heat—or cold—to sit and be
A poet while your fingers freeze!
Without a fire within your grate,
To have to warm your frigid soul;
Then wait until you've sold your rhymes
Before you've cash to buy the coal!

C. G. ROGERS.

A Christmas Contract.

Bazar.

THE young lawyeress was regaling her intellect with "the rule in Shelley's case" on Christmas morning, when the young lawyer who secretly yearned to practice law and matrimony with her till death did them part, was ushered into her presence.

"Merry Christmas, Miss Angel Onearriers," he said cheerily, but it was evident that he was agitated.

"The said Merry Christmas to you also, Mr. Addison Ontorts, the young lawyeress responded, a blush suffusing her cheeks.

"I have a contract here that I would like to have you sign," the young lawyer went on hurriedly, handing her the legal instrument as he spoke. "You see I have already affixed my signature thereto."

"This agreement," she began reading aloud, "made this 25th day of December, 1897, by and between Miss Angel Onearriers of New York, party of the first part, and Mr. Addison Ontorts of the same place, party of the second part, witnesseth, that for and in consideration of the benefits to be secured and the happiness to be enjoyed, each of the parties hereto hath contracted and agreed, and by these presents doth contract and agree, to give himself or herself to the other party as a Christmas gift, and to form a legal and matrimonial partnership within one month of the date of this instrument.

"In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals the day and year above written.

"[SEAL.]

"ADDISON ONTORTS. [SEAL.]

"Witnessed by—"
"But suppose the party of the first part declines to sign?" the young lawyeress cried, blushing furiously.

"Then and in that event," said the trembling young lawyer, producing a formidable-looking legal document with a flourish, "the party of the second part hereby and herewith serves upon the party of the first part a mandamus compelling the said first party to sign or be in contempt of court."

"But suppose the party of the first part contemplates making another legal and matrimonial partnership?" the young lawyeress persisted, with a very immaterial and irrelevant yet bewitching smile.

"I have here an injunction restraining the party of the first part from any such procedure," said the young lawyer, serving another document as he spoke.

At this juncture, while the young lawyeress was wondering what she should do next, the young lawyer, utterly ignoring the Code of Civil Procedure and the Rules of Practice, gave her a dozen Christmas kisses.

"Know all men by these presents," she murmured.

"Heaven forbid!" said he.

For a moment the young lawyeress looked for all the world as though she would not be able to "get out of court alive," as her professional brethren are wont to say, but finally she objected, and the young lawyer took exceptions, of course.

"If the court please," she finally murmured,

"the party of the first part is well aware that she could bring ejectment proceedings to oust the party of the second part from her heart but—but—she moves, instead, that the matter be referred."

And it was referred—to a minister.

EARLE HOOKER EATON.

The Old World's Centenarians.

A GERMAN statistician has studied the census returns of Europe to learn a few things about the centenarians of the Old World. He has found, for instance, that high civilization does not favor the greatest length of life. The German Empire, with 55,000,000 population, has but 78 subjects who are more than 100 years old. France, with fewer than 40,000,000, has 213 persons who have passed their 100th birthday. England has 146; Ireland, 578; Scotland, 46; Denmark, 2; Belgium, 5; Sweden, 10; and Norway, with 2,000,000 inhabitants, 23. Switzerland does not boast a single centenarian, but Spain, with about 18,000,000 population, has 410. The most amazing figures found by the German statistician came from that troublesome and turbulent region known as the Balkan Peninsula. Serbia has 575 persons who are more than 100 years old; Roumania, 1,084; and Bulgaria, 3,883. In other words, Bulgaria has a centenarian to every thousand inhabitants, and thus holds the international record for old inhabitants. In 1892 alone there died in Bulgaria 350 persons of more than 100. In the Balkan Peninsula, moreover, a person is not regarded on the verge of the grave the moment he becomes a centenarian. For instance, in Serbia, there were in 1890 some 290 persons between 106 and 115 years, 123 between 115 and 125, and 18 between 125 and 135. Three were between 135 and 140. Who is the oldest person in the world? The German statistician does not credit the recent story about a Russian 100 years old. Russia has no census, he says, and except in cases of special official investigation the figures of ages in Russia must be mistrusted. The oldest man in the world is then, in his opinion, Bruno Cotrim, a negro born in Africa and now a resident in Rio Janeiro. Cotrim is 150 years old. Next to him probably comes a retired Moscow cabman, named Kust-rim, who is in his 140th year. The statistician says the oldest woman in the world is 130 years old, but neglects to give her name or address, possibly out of courtesy, or perhaps in view of the extraordinary figures which came to his hand from the Balkans he thought a subject only 130 years old was hardly worthy of particular mention.

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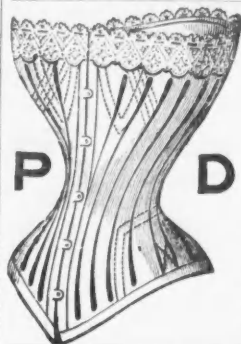
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Literature and the New Optimism.

Harry Quilter in the Contemporary Review.

I BELIEVE that the day will come, and that very shortly, when the present revolt against belief and modesty will cease to be a distinguishing mark of our art, our literature and our journalism. I believe that we shall cease to imitate the worst vices of our French neighbors, and to glory in the imitation. I believe that music-hall comedies will cease to receive the wages of Prime Ministers. I believe that actors and actresses will return to their proper place—the place, that is, of paid servants of the public, who are esteemed, not only for excellence in the profession to which they belong, but only in so far as their lives are decent and their abilities genuine. I believe that sensational journalism has had its day, and that the level of the servants' hall is that to which it is doomed quickly to descend. I believe that novelists will soon not dare to publish what they certainly would not dare to speak. I believe that critics will be afraid to praise such production. I believe that editors will be ashamed to employ the critics who do. I believe that poets will recur to the old beauties of the world, which are not identified with what we used to call vice and blasphemy. I believe that painters will find better subjects than are now furnished them in East-End public-houses and West-End music-halls. And I believe that, partly in consequence of these changes, we shall laugh more and sneer less; that our girls will no longer imitate our manners and our costume, but be content with their own, which are, after all, infinitely better; and that our men will no longer struggle after a pretense of effeminacy which sits upon them extremely ill.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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Irish melodrama, set to music and dignified with the title of Irish opera, is the bill of fare at the Grand this week. I shall not criticize the music; it is outside my province, and I am afraid it is likewise not very intelligible to the great public for whom and to whom this column is written. It is an echo from that little world that few of us know anything about and none of us care to enter, where excellence and incomprehensibility are synonymous, and where nothing that appeals to popular sympathy may hope to find a place. My friends, the critics, have climbed into it and have taken Shamus O'Brien up with them and are caressing that super-ordinary creation among the mists and cloudiness that mark the *ne plus ultra* of musical erudition. They will come down again, but Shamus is permanently "out of sight."

The hero is a rebel, and therefore has hosts of friends who, like him, are not at all in sympathy with the powers that be. In this connection one would see very pointed allegorical references to our own Toronto police force, were it not for the fact that the leader of the coercionists in the play appears to have some sense. This destroys the parallel and marks the distinction. Shamus escapes of course, and the officer, who doesn't want to catch him, puts in his time by falling vigorously in love with an apparently youthful but buxom little darling of forty-five or thereabouts. This extremely difficult part is taken by Miss Bessie Belmont, whose skill as a resurrectionist ought to bring tears of envy to the eyes of her less fortunate sisters whose efforts to defy the ravages of time have not been so successful. There is also the hero's enemy, who dies horribly in the finale as a just punishment for having pointed out the residence of the hero to his pursuers. It seemed to me that the punishment for thus aiding and abetting the officers of the law was somewhat excessive, but it was thoroughly in accord with the somewhat absurd spirit of the play.

In the second act Shamus has been captured and is in prison. Again the over-ripe Kitty succeeds in persuading the too susceptible officer to relax the regulations of the prison considerably in the prisoner's favor. This is most unbusinesslike and improper, but that face of Kitty's would excuse anything; this is, of course, to be understood strictly in a complimentary sense.

The plot moves nicely along in the third act, in which Shamus is led out for execution. Here the pious, benevolently wishy-washy old priest appears in a shockingly bad light. The old sinner has a knife in his pocket ready to cut the ropes that bind Shamus, but he never says a word about it while the poor heart-broken wife is crying her eyes out on account of the dreaded occurrence that never takes place. But stay. Perhaps I am wrong. There may be a nice bit of realism in all this that I did not notice. Let us see. Is it or is it not the fashion for ministers to draw up pictures bugaboos that will do—oh! such dreadful things if we don't mend our ways in accordance with clerical advice? Have we ever been alarmed by the cry of wolf when there was no wolf? Were we not told, for instance, that evils, countless and innumerable, would follow the introduction of Sunday cars, whereas, as a matter of fact, subsequent events proved that our reverend alarmists did not know what they were talking about? Similarly, the reverend impostor in Shamus O'Brien was lamenting the fate of the unfortunate condemned, when he had a knife in his pocket with which to set him free. Surely the things in life that we cannot help are sufficient ground for mournfulness without our getting up spurious lamentations over matters that are within our own control. Not to cry over spilt milk is excellent advice; but in remembering this it is unwise to forget that it is equally foolish to cry over milk that isn't spilt.

Notwithstanding its general lugubriousness, there were some comical features in Shamus O'Brien. For instance, one moral that the play was not apparently designed to teach is that children in Ireland grow old very quickly. The "heir of the O'Briens" is introduced in the first act and appears as a very diminutive youngster, with a scared expression and light hair. He reappears in the third act, the apparent lapse of time being only two or three days, and is now several sizes larger, and the harrowing scenes through which he may be supposed to have passed in the meantime have operated in the same effective manner as a

bottle of hair-restorer. I thought at first that he was an extract from one of these before-and-after-taking advertisements, but Mrs. Quis tells me that the orphan in the first act has evidently rebelled, and has in consequence been put to bed. This may be true, but it spoils an interesting train of speculation.

In the first act we have a dance, of course. The average Irish peasant is invariably ready to drop any and everything that he has on hand, if, indeed, he ever has anything of the nature of decent employment at all, and indulge in his favorite pastime of kicking his heels in the air and spanking the floor with his feet. A piper is introduced who is an obvious sham, for he doesn't pipe, nor does he even look as if he could; but surely in these days of theatrical enterprise it should not be a difficult thing to procure a genuine Irish piper and give us an Irish dance that bears some faint resemblance to the original—that is, assuming there is any original; for my own part, after a prolonged study of various alleged imitations, I am inclined to doubt it.

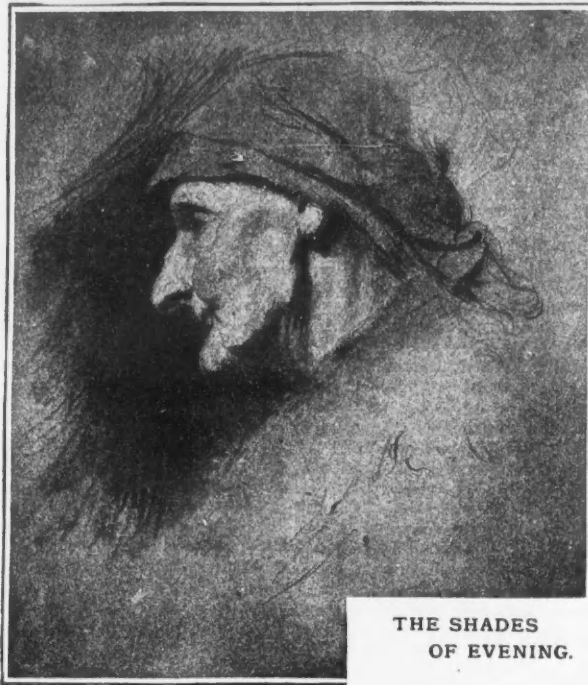
The Cummings Stock Company are playing Charley's Aunt, and are possibly presenting the best bill of their engagement. We have seen Charley's Aunt before—frequently, almost to repletion; it would almost be true to say that we are pretty tired of it, and if any other company less capable than the Cummings people were to attempt it, the result would be what is vulgarly called a frost. As it is, the Princess is being crowded at every performance, as usual, for the Cummings people are on the crest of the wave, and in the pointed language of Messrs. Ward and Vokes, "things are coming their way," and not undeservedly, for as things dramatic usually go in this city they are providing the best attraction that we have got.

But while we are so good to the Cummings Company, how is anybody going to explain our treatment of the Banda Rossa, the Red Band from Italy, which, if the reported statement of the leader be true, we are not going to hear in Toronto again? Can it be that our newspapers have stultified themselves so often by praising things that never deserved it, that their flattering notices of this aggregation fell on unheeding ears? There is a strong attraction, stronger perhaps than anything of the kind that we have had of late years, and yet the crowds that turned out were miserably disappointing. They played Sousa's marches in a way that made people think that Sousa did not understand his own work, and yet the strains of their glorious music fell for the most part upon empty benches. The fact of the matter seems to me to be that our local critics have been unceremoniously pitched overboard by the public, and this is the result of a condition of things for which the management of the newspapers are alone responsible, and for which the gentlemen themselves, whom I know personally to be capable, honest and unfeared, are in no way to blame. We have missed a most enjoyable musical treat, and now that it is too late we have found it out; and though incidents of this kind are regrettable they are paving the way for the time when advance notices will appear as advertisements and be paid for as such, and when the public will learn to place implicit confidence in the deliberate judgment of men who know, and are not afraid to know that they know, and whose hands are not tied by managerial interests or the blandishments of a press agent, from telling the truth over their own signatures. Then we shall not miss good attractions, and we shall have the money to buy the highest-priced seats out of the amount that we will save when the poorer shows no longer, in more senses than one take us in.

The Land of the Living has been the attraction at the Toronto Opera House this week. The play is one of the most conventional of melodramas. There is the happy home in the first and last act, with three acts of misery and high-toned scenery in between. Gerald Arkwright is robbed by his partner, Reuben Tredgold, to the extent of all he possessed in the world except his wife and his good opinion of himself. So he retires to the diamond mines of South Africa, where, by the strange fate met with in melodramas, his partner has preceded him. As there is an interval here of two years before we can see Gerald again, one has a chance to step outside if one's seat is near the aisle. When our Gerald reappears he has grown a charcoal stubble on his chin. He has been hunted all night by robbers. He falls down exhausted before the door of Reuben Tredgold's shanty. This is a magnificent opportunity for Reuben. Reuben, by the way, has lost his ill-gotten wealth one way and another, and has married a bar-maid. He now sees a way of retrieving his fortunes. But our hero comes to on being touched by Reuben's vile hand. You see he had been "touched" by Reuben before. They recognize each other and there is now nothing for it but that Reuben shall kill his old partner. This he does in a realistic manner, and taking the diamonds from his victim's breast returns to "England, home and beauty." However, it doesn't work. Just when he is going to marry the widow, Gerald and Meg, erstwhile the bar-maid, come along and spoil things. It seems extraordinary, but you couldn't expect that one death would be sufficient to down a man of Gerald's stamp. Things wrestle along for a while, the comic lovers cry and sing and dance about the streets of London, and the heroine goes moping through a couple of acts, till finally, just when Reuben is going to marry her, Gerald and Meg appear at the ceremonies with a policeman. Thus may virtue always be triumphant and the wicked see their finish.

There is a beautiful explosion in act four which I forgot to mention. It is one of the loudest explosions I have been present at this season. It is, moreover, accompanied with sheets of flame and a general breaking of the furniture. The effect is splendid. The company is a good one, Lillian Washburn as Meg, Miss Grel as Gerald's wife, Miss Sinnott as her sister, Harry Fenwick and the policeman being specially worthy of disinterested applause.

Mrs. Fiske last week won St. Louis, as she has won every city in which she has acted this



THE SHADES OF EVENING.

season. She steadily enjoys excellent business, and wherever she plays the great art of her acting, the excellence of her company and the absorbing interest of her play find reflection and praise in the press. Aside from the consideration which she enforces as an artist, Mrs. Fiske challenges attention everywhere as one of the few notable stage artists who are opposing the methods of the Theater Trust—as one of the pioneers in the movement which bids fair to separate the American stage from the enslaving commercialism that holds it. The public is evidently in full sympathy with the movement headed by Mrs. Fiske, Richard Mansfield, Francis Wilson and James A. Herne for the freedom of stage art.

Miss Alexandrina Ramsay, who is filling engagements in the large cities and towns of Great Britain, appeared before a Liverpool audience on November 25, at the concert given by the Liverpool Caledonian Society in honor of Scotland's patron saint. Rev. John Watson (Ian MacLaren), chaplain of the Society, occupied a box in the hall, which is the largest concert room in the United Kingdom, filled to overflowing on this occasion. The Liverpool Courier spoke highly of Miss Ramsay's work.

Young New York bachelors are heaving sighs of relief over the closing of E. H. Sothern's New York engagement. That attractive actor was (according to *Vogue*) a veritable thorn in the flesh for men in the Cupid state of development, as he set love-making at such a romantic pace that it was impossible for an every-day fellow, however ardent, to follow his lead. Naturally, with such an example before them for months, the girls learned to expect a picturesqueness quite foreign to any Romeo but those of the Latin races, and they regarded less high-flown love-making as a species of platonic and were indifferent in consequence. John Drew's lover methods, on the other hand, are comforting to the non-theatrical swain. There is naught of precipitation or undue intensity, no swearing by stars and things about Mr. Drew's declarations. He has his passion well in hand, and he plays with it in a well-bred, *vers-de-societe* way. And while the lay lover cannot, perhaps, reproduce the dainty charm and the subtler qualities of Mr. Drew's love-making, he can copy the actor's methods to the extent of conducting himself like a well-mannered young man rather than like a sonnet-writing Romeo of the days of chivalry.

C. LeRoy Kenney, the monologue entertainer, and "Atlantic Antics" appear to be meeting with marked success throughout Ontario. The *Oshawa Vindicator* speaks very highly of him.

The Girl from Paris, a musical comedy, will be presented at the Grand Opera House next week.

Hopkins' Trans-Oceanics will appear at the Toronto Opera House next week.

The Great Bayonet Contest.

THE contest last Tuesday night between Sergeant-Major Morgans and Private G. Stewart was an event of unusual interest, not only from the fact that both contestants have won considerable renown as swordsmen, but also from the fact that contests of this nature are not so frequent as to deprive them of the charm of novelty. The story of the fight has been already told, and Stewart is the hero of the hour. Whether he will be as good a man at the expiration of a decade or two as Morgans after the lapse of a similar period is open to question, and in the passing glory of the moment Morgans' long and honorable series of victories must not be lost sight of. In the glamor surrounding the triumph of a comparative novice over a veteran, it should not be forgotten that the advancement of the youngster is due largely to the patient work and example of the older hand. It would perhaps be too much to say that if we had not had Morgans we should never have had Stewart, though there is a germ of truth in the statement, but it is largely true that a man climbs to prominence in anything only by placing his feet in the footprints of those who have gone before him, and who have thus made the way

a little easier for him than if he had to break the road for himself. It is easy for him to win a race who starts where another stops.

The average young man is a fraud. He learns all his father knew, because the old man teaches him. He surmounts this edifice with the mere trifle of information which he acquires as the result of a year or two of research work on his part. Then he boasts that he knows more than his father. So he does, with probably one-tenth of the work that his father had to go through; but he has to know more—he must, or else he is an example of the violation of the laws of eternal progress which demand that he must advance or drop out of the procession. So some day someone will defeat Stewart, and when he does, victory will come to him by reason of the work done by his predecessors, who have each done their share to carry the art of arms a little further forward.

A Child-Book by Prof. Drummond.

THIS week has brought out an excellent book for children and one to which a peculiar interest attaches, because written by no less a person than the late Prof. Henry Drummond. The *Monkey That Would Not Kill* was the title of a story for children that ran through several issues of *Wee Willie Winkle*, that charming periodical loved by little ones all over the world, and edited by the Countess of Aberdeen and her daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon. In a preface the editors tell how Prof. Drummond contributed anonymously to *Wee Willie*, how he began this story without meaning to make it long and regarding it as but nonsense, yet became rather pleased with it and interested before he had done. And now that the great Drummond is gone, out comes this pretty child-story to interest people still more in his character and gifts. It is handsomely printed and has sixteen full-page illustrations by Louis Wain, the artist celebrated for his pictures of cats. The book sells for a dollar and is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, and the Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto.

The Song for Yule.

For Saturday Night.

At Yule we sing of snows that fall,
The year, the merry bell,
Old songs, old days, old friends recall,
Our sweethearts' virtues tell.

Let us these well-worn themes pass by;
In brighter, gentler lays,
Inspired by love and duty, try
To sing the mother's praise.

O praise that crown of silvery hair,
The lips that kiss us still!
The tireless feet, the hands that ne'er
Have touched the husk of ill!

Oh, faithful heart! Her love-lit eye
Beams bright this happy morn.
Sing, sing of her when old years die,
And when new years are born!

T. B. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

The Victory of Love.

Town Topics.

A BOY and a girl played by the roadside. They were plucking the wild flowers, still sweet and heavy with the dew of the morning. It was spring; the hills were green; there was music in the forest; the sky was clear and serene.

"I love you," smiled the boy, as he gave her the violets he had gathered.

"I am glad you love me," she said.

Methinks that a mist swam before my eyes, and when it grew clear once more I saw Love and Death standing close to the boy and the girl.

Death moved impatiently.

"Let them be," said Love, "they are mine."

A youth and a maiden leaned on the stile in the meadow. Her eyes were downcast, yet in his hand hers passive lay. It was summer; the golden grains swayed restlessly to the breathing of the wanton breeze; the harvest moon rose round and yellow, frosting the purpling hills in the east.

"I love you," whispered the youth.

The maiden spoke not, but raised the timid lids of her eyes and gazed into his. Her lips

were mute, but there is a language of the eyes which lovers can read. He drew her face to his own and kissed her mute lips and speaking eyes.

Again I saw Love and Death.

"I have waited long," said Death, impatiently.

"Let them be," said Love, "they are mine."

The brown leaves of autumn fluttered and rustled; from the gaunt forests, where song no longer awakened the dim echoes, they came, whirling over the stubble-fields, whispering to the lonely earth that the glory of the year was dead.

An old man and an old woman came slowly down the lane. Their thin locks were as white as the fleecy clouds overhead; their faces were as withered as the apples that lay forgotten in the orchard.

"It was here," said the old man, pointing to the roadside, "that we used to pluck the wild flowers in the spring."

"It was here," said the old woman, pointing to the stile, "that you told me you loved me. Let us sit upon it again."

So they sat there in silence, looking into each other's eyes, knowing that the love which shone from their peaceful deeps was as pure and fresh as in the glorious golden days.

"It is good to have lived and loved," said the old man.

"Yes, as we have done," she added.

"I shall not wait any longer," said Death, grimly.

"Let them be," said Love, "they are mine!"

The Christmas snows fell noiselessly on two new graves; the winter winds howled through the tree-tops.

"Now," cried Death exultingly, "where is your vaunted life? They are mine!"

"Vainest of creatures!" said Love, "dost thou think that such as these care for thy grubbing worms? Thou hast followed me all these years to no purpose. Take man and woman to the grave if thou wilt, and give their bodies to thy worms and sad decay; but there thy task endeth. But I—I am beyond the grave, for I rule not over the clay, as thou dost, but over the Soul, for I, Love, am the Soul!"

And Death stood beside the graves as Love passed beyond into a light more brilliant and dazzling than the light of a thousand suns!

HAROLD MACGRATH.

Love.

Oh, the days are gone when beauty bright

My heart's chain wore.

Perhaps no one subject has been more discussed by tongue or pen than this one. Moore refers to it as a transient passion, a dream from which there may be a rude awakening. Campbell seems to have had a rather unhappy experience as he gravely tells us that "peace on earth itself begins when love has bid farewell." Solomon says, (and surely he knew whereof he spoke), that "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." But despite the opinion of poet or sage the fact remains that it has withstood the vicissitudes of six thousand years, and the same sweet story first whispered in the Garden of Eden is told to-day in cottage or hall, and in all probability will be so told as long as this great ball continues to wheel around.

ELIZA HEWTON.

Bar in a Country House.

The circumstance that Ogden Mills has a bar in his country house near New York has caused an unusual amount of chatter, but it is not so very extraordinary. In an establishment where from ten to thirty guests are constantly on hand, the demand for various kinds of mixed drinks is necessarily large, and there appears to be no good reason why the demand should not be satisfied in a regular and orderly way, rather than spasmodically and uncertainly, as would, under every-day conditions, be the case. At Balmoral, Queen Victoria's residence in the Scottish Highlands, there is no bar, but for the obvious reason that Englishmen do not make the same general use of mixed drinks that we do. But each suite of guest-rooms has a side-board containing liquors of all kinds—brandy, whiskey, gin, etc., lemons, sugar, and other materials, soda-water, vichy, apollinaris, etc.—so that the visitor need not even ring his bell to be supplied with creature comforts. Mr. Mills's idea is a far better one. The guest rings his bell when he wants a drink, and it is brought. There is no display of intoxicants as in the house of England's Queen, where facilities for bibbing are as much fixtures of one's quarters as the furniture itself. Of course Ogden Mills's guests do not line themselves up along the mahogany and all take a drink together before marching in to dinner. It is merely a room set aside for the greater convenience of compounding drinks, and not a place for rendezvous and carousal.

A New Economist.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

There is a good story going the rounds on one of our *jeunesse doree*. It seems that he is very careful with his yearly income, and although he is entertained everywhere, he only pays his party calls. Even when he takes the girls to the theater (annually) he walks there, "because it is more healthy."

However, on this occasion he rode with the girl, and just after he had put the money in the slot, said:

"It's a funny thing."

"What's a funny thing?" said Miss Bluegrass.

"Why, have you never thought of it," he answered in measured tones, "that a nickel is the interest on a dollar for a whole year!" Miss Bluegrass frowned. But she walked home!

A Ghost Story.

They were seated around the fire, in the twilight, telling ghost stories.

"A very obstinate ghost came to me, once," said Grigsby.

"Obstinate?"

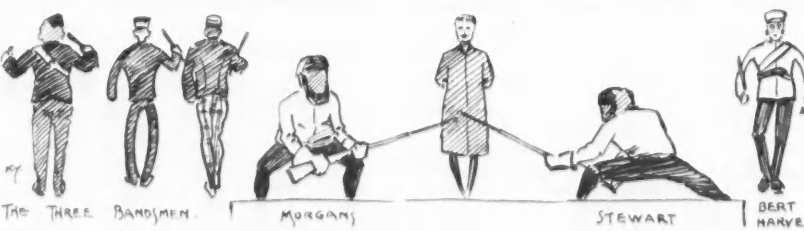
"Yes, it came into my bed-room, in the middle of the night, and there it stuck; threw no end of things at it, but it would not budge an inch. But I got rid of it at last."

"What did you do?"

"Got out of bed and emptied the water-jug on the floor."

"What happened then?"

"Why, it floated out of the room, of course."



The Happy Fool

ROSEMARY.

THE night was wet, heavy and warm. Clinging mists, not colorless, but tinged with light, were moving slowly through the streets; the stars were veiled. There was no thrill of cold or clearness in the air. It was a discouraging Christmas Eve. The youngest generation who defy fatigue and disillusionment might take the night with a good grace. But when a warm and a wet Christmas is added to the many other obstacles of experience and memory, what is there left for an old marionette but to bend stiffly to the worn string and in the language of immortal childhood to cry, "I won't play!"

After having felt in this way with sufficient keenness for some years, the celebrated Mr. Bingley had determined to politely ignore the approach of the festival and thought of going to church in the morning, bowing once or twice respectfully into his silk hat, and eating a moderate dinner. Not a thought nor a sentiment should be wasted on the preparation of his annual donations. He would do what was necessary in a liberal, gentlemanly way, but at one blow, with money. If he were to meet the corpulent saint on the street he would pass him with a vague stare of unrecognition. In the meantime, the evening, such as it was, unnamed by him, was most convenient for a re-perusal of the case of the Bingleton Horse-Power Railway which had been chartered to run exactly as it stood for ninety-nine years—the directors now wished to substitute electricity.

You may not have heard of Mr. Bingley, but he was celebrated—everyone who knew him felt that he was. It could not have been his baldness alone, although that was impressive, nor his genteelly thin watch-chain, which slid in an unobtrusive manner out of sight, nor even a little trick he had of putting his feet together carefully and then looking to see if after all the position was correct. These might help—but, in spite of any other explanation, he was still the celebrated Mr. Bingley.

With a careful hand he made little jots in the margin of the brief that he was reading, and murmured to himself fitfully intricate points in the evidence, pencilling occasionally an indication for a juicy argument. In spite of this, however, there must have been some distraction in Mr. Bingley's mind, for about the window of his library, which opened like a door and now stood slightly ajar on account of the closeness of the night, there thronged a press of dim figures with gestures of interest and tenderly shown feeling, now driven back by some fresh absorption on the part of the occupant of the room, now bending forward with unseemly laughter or pathos as if they would force an entrance to the light, the reality, the little circle of existence from which they seemed to be forbidden.

Such a sight is not a rare thing, not at all unnatural or hard to understand. It is not confined to Mr. Bingley's library window, nor

eyes of any purpose Mr. Bingley may have had of embracing her; he therefore abandoned it with embarrassed regret, but seized both her hands and pressed them lovingly.

"Oh, Billy, you don't know what a relief it is to find that you haven't changed. Of course you look a little older, but that is all, positively, and I was afraid of—so much."

The thought passed through Mr. Bingley's mind that this was strange. He could not recognize himself; there was the same dimple in the chin, perhaps a little obscured by fat, but really that was all, and Marion did not find him changed.

"How I wish that I could tell you all about myself, and where I am and what I am doing now, but I can't; isn't it a pity that I can't? I was so afraid when I was standing at your window that you wouldn't think of me and that I would have to go away without coming in."

Mr. Bingley tapped the line in the brief where the name of the witness Swansey appeared, and was about to explain the coincidence to Marion. But she dashed on, aware that he intended to speak, yet certain that what she was going to say would be much more interesting—it was exactly the way she used to treat him.

"Now tell me, are you busy? Are you happy? Why didn't you get married? It is easy to see that you are not married, you know."

The celebrated Mr. Bingley shook his head, and leaning forward said with some eagerness: "And you, Marion, are you still in love with life?"

"Oh, rather," she cried. "Why, Billy, aren't you?"

"And do you still believe—?"

"All there is to believe, yes," she replied.

"Yet you are bright, too," he concluded with pity.

"Ah, Billy," she said, "I never thought as much of my intellect as you did of yours, and so I hadn't to construct a scheme of the universe that I could understand, feeling so inadequate to it, not like you."

"Aren't you still a little—sharp, Marion?"

"Perhaps I am," she said a little sadly.

"But, oh, dear Billy, what a long time it is since I have seen you!"

When she said that they both drew back and Marion's eyes widened plaintively. How long a time it was she was afraid to think. They both realized that they were falling, falling—nothing could stop them; in a moment they must arrive at a conclusion.

"Why, Marion," said the celebrated Mr. Bingley with a tremor in his voice, "it is thirty years."

They sat looking at each other in a passion of remembrance and good-will, too polite and too kind-hearted to point out that the young, rosy, smiling creature each saw opposite was quite impossible and untrue. Then with a flash the false perplexity vanished and the true identity was revealed.

"I don't care if it is," said Marion; "I am quite as interesting, and, Billy, you are quite as brave."

The celebrated Mr. Bingley inserted his right forefinger into the lowest buttonhole of his waistcoat thoughtfully. "I try to be, perhaps I understand the danger more thoroughly. But,



Sample Illustration from the "De Lisle Affair," by E. Pauline Johnson, in Christmas Saturday Night.

She turned upon him with a frivolous recognition and even parade of a former indubitable characteristic. Mr. Bingley had not quite forgotten, and delicately indicated the pain of his widowed recollection by cropping his eyelids over an unobtrusive grief.

"But before I go, dear Billy, I would like to do something for you. I was not the only one outside your window to be called into existence by a thought from you. Is there not someone you wish to see? Think before it is too late."

He listened to her with growing animation, and without any perplexity of choice turned from her to the window. She passed him swiftly as the wind, waving her hand in farewell, but intent and smiling, her soul projected already on its glowing pursuit. Nor was he more than aware of her departure, for a figure came and cast itself upon his arms, as vital, as essential as the Marion who had gone, but, unlike her, possessing for him an intensity of union, a profundity of emotion which no human word can chronicle.

Prescient.

THEY sat together—it was not unusual—in the "twilight" of the long drawing-room; that twilight that never deepened into night until the old man in an exasperated frame of mind came down and turned off the gas, with a cursory glance at the meter. The crimson-shaded piano-lamp diffused a warm radiance (the "twilight" before mentioned) through the room, throwing everything, including even Harold's opinion of himself, into soft shadow. Even Ethel seemed to be a sort of soft shadow, but, like the Friar's ghost in Don Juan, a very tangible one, and having "a remarkably sweet breath." Yet, for all her charms, and notwithstanding that he held them all alone, so to speak, Harold seemed depressed. He was not his usual airy, gossiping self.

"Harold," murmured Ethel, breaking as gently as she could so that the noise of the falling glass might not startle Harold, a long and pane-fall silence; during which she had heard the old man descend to the kitchen in his socks and turn on the tap in case the climate should spring a sudden frost on the waterworks during the night. "Harold, why so silent? Is there anything—any old account that you can't stave off any longer—anything wrong with the fit of your new football knickerbockers? Why not share your trouble with me, darling?"

The celebrated half-back gave a deep groan. He was capable of deep utterances—like that.

"My darling!" he murmured. And as the are lamp, in a burst of aldermanic extravagance, at the corner burned fitfully for a moment, she caught a glimpse of his drawn face. How manly he was! How noble! How stony broke! "My darling, I would not hurt you for worlds!" (It is of such stuff that heroes—in novels—are made).

"Hurt me? Why, Harold?"

"No, dear; I would not cause you one thought of anxiety, I would not give you one moment of pain."

"I know it, Harold." How grand it was of him! Yes, she knew it very well. She reflected, as she idly ran her jeweled fingers through his Samsonian locks, that he had not given her many moments of pleasure either of late. He had not spent fifteen cents in the last three weeks—on her.

"But it would be wrong," continued the young man; "you would chide me for want of confidence in you were I to keep it from you. Ethel—"

"Oh, Harold, there is something the matter! What is it you are keeping from me?"

"I have a presentiment, Ethel—"

"That we will be married? Oh, Harold!"

"Listen, darling. For days—for weeks—I have had a feeling weighing me down—"

"Indigestion?"

"Weighing me down, oppressing me—a premonition."

"Yes, yes, Harold, but do not harrow me so! Your language frightens me—it is so unusual! It sounds as if you had swallowed some quick medicine advertisement. What is it, Harold?"

"I must come to it by degrees, Ethel. Dear girl, can you bear it? You are trembling, darling!"

"It is only the room, Harold. Papa insists that the furnace shall not be started until the snow comes. Harold, I will be brave—I will hear anything! Tell me what this terrible something is!"

"Ethel, I have seen the writing on the wall; I have not long to live."

"Harold!"

"There—there, don't cry! You must hear up. There are others. They may not all be half-backs on a winning team, but they say there are other vocations in this world. And you will soon forget."

"Oh, Harold, how can you talk like that? You are cruel! And—have you—"

"I have consulted a doctor, Ethel. I have asked him to tell me frankly his opinion."

"And—oh, I can't bear it! How I—long does he say you—have to live?"

"He spoke candidly, darling. He said he was sorry he had to come to such a conclusion, but that he had a son just out of college very much like myself, and he could appreciate my modest worth."

"Harold, you jest with me! And at such a time! You do not say how long, Harold!"

"It will not be long, dear. In about—in about—"

"Yes, dear. There, my poor Harold! How cold your hands are! In about—"

"By careful examination of my heart and lung power, and having in view my present years and those which are a man's allotted span by biblical authority—in about fifty years, darling."

And now he had time to pause, with his hands on his padded hips during football practice, and estimate that his engagement was broken off just seven and four-fifths seconds sooner than he had calculated it would be.

Ottawa, Dec., '97.

The V-a-s-e.

From the madding crowd they stand apart, The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone In which had Culture, ripest grown—

The Gotham Million fair to see, The Philadelphia Pedigree.

The Boston Mind of azure hue, Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo—

For all loved Art in a seemly way, With an earnest soul and a capital A.

Long they worshipped; but no one broke The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place, Who, blushing said: "What a lovely vase."

Over three faces a sad smile flew, And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise, She cries: "Tis, indeed, a lovely vase!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas, Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vase!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill, Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!"

"I did not catch your remark, because I was so entranced with that charming vase!"

Dies erit praeclauda Sinistra quum Bostonia.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

The Pathos of Little Things.

HOW sad can appear the most matter-of-fact trifles at times. They may not be sad at the time of occurrence; they may be even mirthful in a quiet way. Or they may be of such small account, contain so little cause for feeling or emotion of any kind, that one scarcely notices them. They happen or are spoken, and that is all. If one remembers them it is unconsciously, and they come back afterwards with no effort of the will, as late in the day a dream comes back which on waking up one had entirely forgotten. They are colorless at the time, but often when one looks back at them their very littleness gives them a tinge of pathos. I suppose it is because trifles are so much more characteristic than important things. Important things are unusual; little things are unstudied and natural. They show character better, both of men and of times. They call up old associations more vividly. It is always the little details of a man's life that are recalled when he is dead and the larger things, no longer important, are done with. His fads and foibles, his little likes and dislikes, his opinions on insignificant everyday matters, his quaint sayings and mannerisms of speech—these, not his achievements and attainments, become the means by which his friends remember him. They present the truest picture of the man as he appeared casually, and in all probability as he was actually. Consequently, when sadness is

associated with a memory, the little things by which we conjure up that memory themselves assume an air of sadness.

Did you ever look over a family photograph album with, say, the grandmother of the family?

"That is Dick, poor boy. He could never bear the feel of flannel next his skin. He was a good boy, though—they were all good boys. He's away out in Manitoba now. There, that's his brother. Tom's a year and six months younger than Dick. Hard as nails Tom was, as far as hurting him went, but tender-hearted as a baby. When he was a little fellow I've seen him come in with both his knees bleeding from a fall at school or somewhere, and never so much as a tear in his eye. You could make him cry by talking—but not by hurting. That's old Mr. Smith that's dead and gone; a great friend of my husband's. He was the kindest soul that ever lived. He always took three lumps of sugar in his tea, because he said sugar was fattening."

And so she'll chatter on, recalling children and friends of long ago by their simple little fads and characteristics. Little things, trifling, irrelevant, gossiping things, but not as meaningless as they sound, else why does the old lady sigh?

I once knew an old gentleman who was always affectionately laughed at for his habit of pottering around second-hand stores. He was perpetually picking up the most curious and useless articles, and of course at preposterously low prices. One of his sons, a young fellow of twenty, had an offer to go west with a prospecting party, and as he had never been away before, the family made rather a stir about it. They were nearly all gathered at the station to see him off, when suddenly the old gentleman appeared, flushed with hurry. He had been delayed. He had seen the cause of his delay, he explained, a week or so before, and it struck him then it was very cheap. He had since been wondering how it could come in useful. Then it suddenly occurred to him that it would be the very thing for a mining prospector, so he bought it on his way to the station. The regular price was as far as he had time to investigate was at least seventeen—in one case eighteen—cents more than that which he had paid. He handed a paper parcel to his son, who unwrapped it. It was a red flannel chest-protector.

It was a trifling incident, amusing in a way, but to the boy leaving home for the first time, perhaps to be away for years, it was typical of a character familiar and lovable to him all his life, and from which he was now to be separated.

There were tears in the grin with which he stuffed the parcel into his pocket. It was a little thing, however, and the rest of us merely laughed.

Toronto, Dec., '97.

Christmas With the Queen.

English Illustrated.

CHRISTMAS brings with it to the Queen a variety of very diverse associations. It was on a Christmas morning, 1888, that her engagement to the late Prince Consort was announced. Twenty-three years

later she went to Osborne, a lonely and almost heart-broken widow, after the funeral of the late Prince Consort, to spend the most joyful season of the year in the saddest manner. For years after that melancholy date the Christmas at Osborne was of the most perfumery character. It was Princess Beatrice who gradually persuaded the Queen that it is not good to weep for ever, and it was under her influence that Yuletide at Court gradually resumed most of the features which it had worn during the lifetime of the lamented Prince.

For some time before the actual date the stir of preparations is in the air. The Royal warrant-holders obtain permission to send in samples of their Christmas novelties, and the same license is often conceded to other tradesmen. In consequence, large consignments of goods arrive at Osborne, and Her Majesty is able to indulge in all the pleasures of Christmas shopping and present-choosing without leaving her own boudoir. There is, moreover, a great deal to be done in this way. The list of presents which the Queen bestows in honor of the festival season of the year is a very long one and would amaze the great majority of our readers. First, there are the members of her own family and the long roll of her posterity, to each of whom is sent a token which is at once of value and suited to their individual tastes. Then there are many personal friends and attendants to whom the arrival of the souvenir, which shows that the Queen has not forgotten them amid her numerous cares, forms the brightest spot in all the festive season.



The celebrated Mr. Bingley.

even to the one evening in the year, although that is a time singularly propitious for perceiving it; and if the light were to fall at just such an angle on such colored, moving, clouded mist, trailing long streams from the trees in the garden to the ground and from the ground to the windows, you might become aware of some such shadowy existences as those that hovered upon the boundaries of the celebrated Mr. Bingley's library.

He paused and jotted his finger at a type-written line: "A witness by the name of Swansey; that makes me think of Marion!"

Instantly one of the foremost figures at the window assumed the defined proportions of a far more vigorous life, gaily killed her skirts, sprang into the room with the agility of a high and youthful spirit, and, passing with swift eagerness along a hasty radius of Mr. Bingley's circle, cast herself into an arm-chair which was drawn up to the table, facing the lawyer and not far from him. It had been occupied by Quigton, Q.C., present on a convivial consultation the night before.

"Billy, dear boy," she cried, tapping him on the knee with her girlish fingers; "I'm so glad to see you, I'm so glad to be here. You are just the same, you haven't changed a bit; I am so happy that I don't know what to do."

If it had been anyone else but Marion the celebrated Mr. Bingley would have been struck dumb. But to see her there laughing, radiant, every curve as it used to be, her whole air of splendid, swinging gaiety, the obscured but not forgotten color, tone, vigor, temper and fragrance of his playfellow burst upon him with the virtue of an elixir and he wagged to his feet suddenly with the spontaneous energy of a toy-balloon that has escaped from the child-hand of its possessor.

She waved her hand in an enchanting salute, but there was an utter unconsciousness in her

Marion, did you marry?"

Marion twinkled. "Billy," she said, "did you think I wouldn't? Oh, I wish I could tell you. To think that you don't even know whether I have any children or not!"

"Children!" said Mr. Bingley. "Children!"

He fell back in his chair.

"Marion, can't you even tell me whether you are dead or not?"

The celebrated Mr. Bingley sounded so much like a lost child that the lady who had been known as Marion Swansey thirty years ago, rose up from where she had been sitting and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Why, Billy, dear, don't mind," she said; "even if I have found the way into the other room I am not any the further away, nor the less loving, nor the less real for that."

Her voice was full of the brooding sweetness that comes to women in middle life, and, with an increasing impulse of tenderness, she made a gesture as if she were running her fingers through the celebrated Mr. Bingley's hair.

"You haven't changed a bit, Billy," she said; "it's wonderful, your hair is just as thick; you always had such pretty hair."

Mr. Bingley began to look at her with a varying expression. He could not forget that she might be an angel. On the other hand, if he were bald she might be—who could say what she might be? Yet he did recognize and rejoice in the indomitable personality, the finest, as it had been the most surviving, of her charms.

Her face suddenly brightened and her manner became remote as if she heard a calling in the distance.

"You surely don't think that I have no one else to see in the world to-night but you? You have not forgotten me so completely as all that."

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North German Lloyd new steamer, Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, will sail from New York Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 2 p.m., for Southampton and Bremen. She holds the record for the longest day's run, the maiden voyage and fastest passages both east and west. Rates—First class, \$75; second class, \$45 and upward.

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Anecdotal.

A young Englishman, being asked at dinner whether he would have some birds-nest pudding, said, turning to the hostess: "Ah! yes, birds-nest pudding; and what kind of bird may have made it?" "Oh, it was the cook-coo made it," was her prompt reply.

A famous punster, upon being asked to make a play of words upon any subject given him then and there, said that he could do it. "What is your subject?" he asked. "Well, the king," replied his companion. "The king is no subject," instantly replied the clever wit.

Lord Alvaney, a wit of the Regency, and Beau Brummel were enemies. When told that Brummel had fled to Boulogne to avoid the prosecution of the Jews who were suing him for debt, Alvaney remarked: "Brummel has done quite right to be off; it was Solomon's judgment."

Sheriff's officers in Maine were one day making a seizure of liquor in a shop in one of the lowest streets of Portland, Me., and a knot of Irishmen were looking on with great disfavor for the myrmidons of the law. One exclaimed: "They call this the Shtate of Maine, and it's rightly named, for it's the *maiest* Shtate in the Union."

Alphonse Daudet, who was the most happily married of French authors, was noted for obtaining much of his material from life. After a very sentimental and dramatic scene with his wife one day, he remarked: "This seems, my dear, like a chapter that has slipped out of a novel." "It is more likely, Alphonse," she replied, "to form a chapter that will slip into one."

Sir Henry Irving, at a supper given in his honor by the Arts Club of Manchester recently, said that shortly after Lord Tennyson had been elevated to the peerage the actor remarked: "Look here, Tennyson, I can't call you lord." Said Tennyson: "I can't help it; I only did it for the sake of the boy." Sir Henry added dryly that he "rather thought this anecdote would not be found in the recently published life of Lord Tennyson."

An English attorney-general, Scott by name, once made so impassioned an appeal to an Old Bailey jury, assuring them that his reputation was the only inheritance he could leave his children, and, with God's help, he would leave it unimpaired, that Mitford, the solicitor-general, was moved to tears. Someone remarked on this display of emotion to Horne Tooke. "He's crying," said that worthy, "to think how small an inheritance Scott's children will have!"

A pious old lady of Marblehead had a husband who was a seaman. He was about to start on a protracted voyage, and as his wife was anxious as to her husband's welfare, she sent the following notice to the village preacher: "Mr. Blank, who is going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." As the old lady was quite illiterate the minister read the following to the congregation from the slip handed him: "Mr. Blank, who is going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

A gentle and affectionate clubman, who came home at rather an unearthly hour the other night, was asked by his wife what time it was. "Half-past eleven, my dear." As he spoke the timepiece rang out three o'clock. "What's that?" said the justly indignant wife. "Coming in at this unearthly hour, and then telling a story about it!" The clubman sighed. "To think," he cried, with upraised hands, "you'd believe that little five-dollar French clock be-

The Gentle Art of Getting Credit.

Pick-Me-Up.



Pride of the the Board School—Please, sir, mother wants six eggs wot ain't had—
Grocer—We don't keep bad eggs here.
Pride of the Board School—No, sir, mother says you don't; yet sells 'em as quick as you can. An' she wants a pound o' sugar, an' will you please do up the said seprit, an' enough currants to make 'arf a pound wen all the flies is picked out, an' she'll pay you on Saturday.

fore you would the word of your own faithful husband!"

At a New England society dinner some years ago, Mark Twain had just finished a piquant address when Mr. Everts arose, shoved both of his hands down into his trousers pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly remarked: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?" Mark Twain waited until the laughter excited by this sally had subsided, and then drawled out: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

Between You and Me.

THERE is a little society whose work belongs to Christmas time, whose work is so simple, so kindly, and generally so welcomed by its beneficiaries, whose work is to write and distribute Christmas letters all over the country; a word of cheer at Christmas time to sick, old or lonely persons, to poor little children and abject men and women. Last year a woman was writing letters for this society, and as she wrote she thought of a person she had not seen for years, a person whom she had once loved, who she thought had loved her, but there had been separation, silence, unpremeditated severance of the lives already running so pleasantly together, such as circumstances sometimes bring about. Her letters were for the "men's package." She preferred to write to men, somehow, and thinking of her old-time lover she wrote a letter, and hurriedly sealed it, marking it "for a young man." It was a lovely, kindly letter, but something ran through it which surprised her as she wrote, and after it was sent to the depository with the others she often wondered how she had written it. "If you are lonely I can sympathize with you. I am all alone in the world," she wrote "and on Christmas morning I shall think of you, and wish you again a happy day. On Christmas morning as she took her tea and toast she glanced over a day-old newspaper. This is what she saw in due time: "Will the lady who promised to wish me a happy Christmas come and see me on Christmas Day at Hospital, ward No. 14?" Not another word, but the tea got cold while she stared at the little personal. Then she dressed herself in her best and went to the hospital. I should like to tell you she found her old lover in ward 14, but she didn't; only—I got her wedding-cards last fall, hers and the man's she did find there.

A dear old lady went away from us a few days ago, away to renewed youth, greater work and enlarged spirituality somewhere, who knows? During her long life it had been a habit with her to gather up her books or work and go from the merry circle or the busy bustle "for a little quiet time." Students of psychology know how the soul grows in these times. The other day the old lady lay in her snowy sheets, and when the doctor and the nurse put the spoon to her lips and begged her to try to swallow the restorative, she shook her head. "Won't you go away?" she said gently. "I want a little quiet time." But they wouldn't; so she died, and judging by the smile left by the parting soul upon her lips she was getting her "quiet time."

"I hate the country," writes a savage girl this week. "Dear Lady Gay, don't you?" I just know the plight of that savage girl, hemmed in with bars of circumstance, and hearing the hum of the joyous city (she thinks it so, anyway), and the sound of the pipers and the pat of the dancers' feet, and the rustle of silks and satins, and the throb of a city's heart. Oh, girl in the country, I am sorry for you, and I should also hate it were I there! The bare, bleak fields, the naked, weird trees, the little paths, the isolation. Yes, and I should hate

myself most of all! Whence comes this agony of yearning to be in the stream when one is safe and dry upon the bank? The country in summer, when the earth is alive and growing, is joy indescribable; but the country in winter, dead, icy, awful, snake fences and hideous stacks, close-battered windows and cold gusts—surely Bruin is the only gentleman who knows how to spend the winter in the country! Don't tell me about jolly sleigh-drives!—cold feet and cramped joints, I know them. Desperate persons fly to sleighing parties for enjoyment; city folks sometimes get up sleighing parties and pretend they like supping off queer food, with thick white cups and muddy coffee, in country inns, but apart from lovers tell me one who isn't glad when the rallentando of the bells warns them that home is reached. It makes me cross even to think of the country when the days are shortening and the white mantle wraps the sprouted wheat.

I wish my paper friends a merry Christmas and whatever sort of a New Year they fancy. One expects a lot from a new year. No matter how many new years have turned out bad old years, there is always that feeling of hope. No matter how often one has been disappointed we expect all sorts of things! Banana John and his Rosa expect—but that's no matter, only it is awfully funny to hear him chuckle over it! You see, John has no reserves! He treats me as a sort of family friend and confessor, and I am vastly interested in the developments. It is a pity to become so *blase* that one has no future. A woman with a past is not half so pitiable as a woman without a future. Therefore let all the sombre ones smile and believe that the future must be good and fair and beautiful. That's half way towards making it so! And let us be a lot with the youngsters at Christmas time; it may be that some of the enthusiasm, the planning, the voracity for gifts and the greed for pudding which distinguish our juniors at this festive season, will oublie over upon us. It is terrible not to crave a second helping of pudding—a tragedy not to hang up one's stocking. I shall hang up mine, though I sleep alone in my small mansion, and I shall eat two helpings of pudding though I sleep not at all on the night after! LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Replies unless accompanied by coupons are not desired.

A. B.—Has the writer ceased to interest you, or is there merely a spasm of carelessness in events? It was so disappointing, but disappointments are good discipline. Is the proposed Oriental trip to be taken? If so, how long and with what results?

POPPER.—You are determined, cheerful and discreet. Self-reliance, independence and a strong sense of humor are shown. You like to succeed to lead, to be on top of the heap. Ambition is backed by purpose, and good sense and perception are strong. You like soft corners, Poppet, and I fancy you get them.

NAN.—You chose a good *nom de plume* for a January child, as January is ruled by Capricorn, the goat, and so, little Nannie-goat, you are wisely named. 2. Your writing is still childish, but shows thought, discretion and conscientious finish, some ambition and very good temper. You like pretty things and are sympathetic and winning. More than this I cannot get.

VIOLET, Fresno.—"Next paper" is a long time ago. I don't suppose your patience has lasted so long as this. Your writing shows a bright, adaptable and energetic nature, somewhat ambitious, careful, inclined to despond, but lacking neither in courage nor dash. You have a great deal to learn, and though you have some of the elements of success, you need

RARE RUGS

Art is made captive in the designs shown in our large range of Oriental Rugs—very rare goods and of a class that lend culture to the furnishings of the home.

Fresh arrivals in Bulwary Rugs, reversible, rich Indian colors, suitable for rooms or halls, prices, special—
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Mason & Risch Piano Co.
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Beg to announce an immense importation of specially selected

AMERICAN PIANOS

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

These pianos were carefully selected by our buyer, who was sent to Boston for the purpose. Every piano is a masterpiece of the piano maker's art, and it will be freely admitted by all who honor us with a visit that such a superb collection of art instruments have never been assembled in a Toronto wareroom before. The assortment comprises the world-famous

Chickering Pianos

THE OLDEST IN AMERICA THE BEST IN THE WORLD
We also have a magnificent assortment of upright pianos in sumptuous art cases by the old established house of

Vose & Sons, Boston

The musical quality and extraordinary durability of these instruments is too well known to need emphasis, but we wish to call special attention to the art cases. They are absolutely the most superb pieces of work ever imported into Canada. On no consideration should you purchase elsewhere before examining them.

Do not be deterred by the idea that the prices will be above your means. We have pianos at prices and terms to suit everyone.

We have also received an immense consignment of silk piano-drapes, which, for richness and beauty of style and coloring, have never been equalled.

The last quarter's business was the largest in our history. We want you to help us to make this quarter still larger. If superior quality, modest prices and convenient terms have attractions for you, then we are sure of you.

N. B.—As we are generally noted for the moderation of our statements our readers can give proportionate weight to the above statements to the quality of the pianos just imported by us

MASON & RISCH PIANOS AS USUAL.

The Mason & Risch Piano Co.
LIMITED

32 King Street West, Toronto

much culture.

22.—It is all a matter of sentiment. If you love him, what difference will it make how you arrange it? I don't advise anyone to make herself cheap, but it seems a paltry thing to consider where the event takes place. Naturally you prefer it in your own home, among your own people, but if you are convinced that is impracticable, don't let such a thing keep you two apart—always, if you love him well enough.

D. S., FEBRUARY.—This is a very deliberate, conscientious and careful young person, cheerful, hopeful and apt to make good friends. Social instincts are strong and order marked. Writer could not face strife or wrangling indifferently. The tendency is to some disregard of the moving issues of life, and too easy a contentment with existing conditions. In fact, D. S. wants to, as the boys say, "get a move on." The writer is eminently reliable, lacks snap and receptiveness.

MARY MORRISON.—Any costume descriptive of the various interests, discoveries and engineering triumphs of the present day would be splendid. How would the roller boat suit him? or a graphophone? or a Klondike miner? The other costumes you suggest are already in use for the electricity set, and the beautiful idea mentioned in your postscript is being carried out by a smart person, whose resources are surely more than, by your account, yours would be. Try to think some others out. You seem just brimming with clever ideas.

A NEW YORK GIRL.—There is no city in which there are so many sorts of girls as in the one you mention. Boston has her blues, Philadelphia her Quakers, Washington her diplomatists and Chicago her emphatic girls. New York is a pot-pourri of them all, with a delicate aroma all her own, the result of the blending. Your postscript might be Chicago. For instance, "Give me a sound roasting!"—quite porkine, is it not? And your delightful "Yours respectfully," tastes of beans, really. "Your exceedingly kindness" comes from the city of brotherly love, and your whole delightful contradictory epistle from New York. I quite enjoyed it. 2. Your writing shows independence and courage, a frank but cautious method, rather a pessimistic turn of mind, with strong opinions and thoughts. Taste, love of beauty and tact are shown, bright perception, probably corresponding bright manner. Your thoughts are orderly and expression clear: much

energy and a dash of ambition are shown. I fancy you are a worker and you will succeed.

SUICIDAL DYSPEPSIA

Positively Averted by Using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Does Dyspepsia kill? Yes! In thousands of instances Dyspepsia has given this invitation to death. This may be a startling statement. But it is a true one. Dyspepsia unchecked causes a melancholy, hopeless feeling. Soon this merges into dark and dreary despondency. Then follows insanity—which is the second degree of despondency.

The invariable tendency of all who suffer from melancholy insanity, is to commit suicide. In nine cases out of ten they succeed. Thus Dyspepsia leads to death. Now, there's not the least necessity for this. It need not be so, and can be prevented as easily as you can fall asleep. There's no secret about how it is done. Simply use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—one or two after each meal—for a couple of weeks, and the thing is done.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a perfectly perfect digestive. They digest the food themselves. They don't need help. Sometimes Constipation accompanies dyspepsia and indigestion. In each box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets is a supply of smaller tablets that are the most perfect bowel regulators ever made. Taken with Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets they fit the bowels to perform their duty which is supplementary to the digestive process.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have never failed, never will fail, cannot fail to cure any case of Indigestion, Dyspepsia or other stomach trouble. They digest the food, strengthen the stomach, and banish dyspepsia and indigestion, naturally and rapidly.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, each box containing a full double treatment, can be purchased from all druggists, at 50 cents a box, or will be sent, on receipt of the price, by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

The Handkerchiefs of Gladys.

Short Stories.

PHILIP WARING walked along Main street with a quick, nervous tread. His mouth was set determinedly, and a deep flush of red dyed each cheek. The happy stir of the Christmas season was still in the air, but Philip had a guilty feeling that every one he passed knew that his engagement with Gladys Lawton was broken, and that there reposed in his left-hand pocket, to be returned to their owner, one dozen little notes on heavy white paper, monogram G. L., and in his right-hand pocket a diamond scarf-pin and six dainty handkerchiefs, with fluffy borders, especially designed to tickle a ladylike little nose. Why Philip defied custom in returning these articles in person the little God of Love alone knows.

A far more imposing array of gifts and love tokens was being collected at the other end of the line, for Phil was a generous soul, and his lady love most chary of her favors. Letter writing she detested, and Phil at an early stage of their engagement had been employed as secretary. The answers to his daily notes were, to his disgust, usually given by telephone. As to the handkerchiefs—thereby hangs a tale, for Gladys was one of those most unfortunate beings—a girl without a pocket—and could be traced anywhere by the trail of pretty *mouchoirs* she left behind her.

Phil's hand involuntarily tightened over the packet which aroused such bitter sweet remembrances. One little square of linen, with wide fluffies of lace, he pilfered the day they became engaged, and was sacred in Phil's sight, for it had wiped away two happy tears from Gladys' big blue eyes. Another had been put in his pocket for safe keeping one evening as they were going to see a famous tragedian. "Keep it for me, Phil, for I know I shall cry," said Gladys, fully conscious of her weakness. It was not needed, for the play proved more glad than sad, and Philip added the bit of cambric to his rapidly growing collection.

Gladys had a pretty habit of wearing a fluffy handkerchief tucked coquettishly up her sleeve, and another of Phil's souvenirs had been used one happy night to bandage a finger he had bruised in raising a window.

He smiled to himself as he remembered how many times he had heard an agonized whisper, "Please lend me your handkerchief, Phil, I can't think what has become of mine." This common occurrence had caused Phil, in making his toilet, to invariably add an extra one for Gladys and her emergencies.

Phil heaved a sigh that would have been a credit to the staidest lover, and his honest heart thumped hard as he walked up the steps of Mrs. Lawton's house. "Ah, well, Gladys is the only girl in the world for me," but our first quarrel is to be our last, for she does not care for me, that's evident, fool that I was." And he pulled the bell so savagely that Polly, the maid, fairly flew to the door. Phil's eyes dropped as he met the beaming gaze of Polly, the maid. Polly, who had opened the door so sympathizingly through all the stages of his courtship—she, at least, would be sorry there was to be no wedding, and Phil's voice faltered a trifle as he asked for Miss Lawton.

"She is in the library, sir," Polly said in her usual encouraging tones. Phil hesitated. The library was the private sanctum where Gladys received only her intimate friends. Waring felt that it would be a hard matter to end his engagement in that room.

"I think I will wait in here," he said, going toward the drawing-room. "Oh, sir, Mrs. Lawton has a mother's meeting in there," said Polly, and led the way to the sacred precincts so familiar to him of late. No one was there, and Waring sat down in a remote corner, feeling ill at ease with these surroundings. When Mrs. Lawton had become such a club woman that her drawing-room was in constant requisition for meetings of all sorts and conditions of women, Gladys had arranged a little parlor of her own. It was a quaint apartment, so full of her fads and fancies that you felt that you had been taken into her confidence the moment you entered the room. Miniature gardens grew in the windows, ivy climbed adventurously toward the ceiling, the cut glass bowl on the odd little table was overflowing with roses, and holly berries, the beautiful badge of Christmas, were lavishly scattered everywhere.

A queer little Dutch clock ticked away crazily on the wall. It had never been known to tell the right time, and Philip had learned to love it for its happy faculty of insisting it was only ten o'clock when well-regulated timepieces were mildly hinting it was nearly twelve.

Gladys was studying Greek history and sculpture, and the usual pictures in the room had been removed to give place to her Attic treasures. The Parthenon had the place of honor over the piano, and the gods and goddesses were assembled on the walls in almost as great numbers as in the days of old when they had gathered on Mount Olympus.

Phil grew uneasy as a flood of associations rolled over him, and he moved restlessly about. There on the desk was that mummy hand paper weight which old Van Tyle had sent to Gladys at Christmas. How jealous he had been of Van for the pleasure his present had given! He remembered how cuttingly he had remarked that it was just like Van's meanness to offer her some other fellow's hand!

On the table was the novel they had been reading together. Phil had used his scarf pin as a bookmark, and it had been left undisturbed. From its place on the chandelier, a little sprig of mistletoe suddenly dropped on Phil's head. Christmas eve he had stood in this same spot, and Gladys, shy, reserved, undemonstrative Gladys, had softly stolen up behind him and actually—

Phil shook himself impatiently, put his hands in his pockets, and turned to look at the dying embers in the grate. Yes, Gladys had evidently just left the room—fled, he supposed, when she heard his voice. Drawn up cozily in front of the fire was her favorite lounging chair, in which she curled herself comfortably like a cat.

In the depths of the chair a small white object attracted Phil's attention. Mechanically, from pure force of habit, he stooped to pick it up, and a wretched little specimen of *mouchoir* it was. It looked as if Telemachus had wept abundantly upon it, and Niobe added her cease-

less tears. It was as damp as a cobweb left out over night in the dew.

A great light came into Phil's eyes. Gladys crying! Gladys unhappy! Rapturous thought—she must care for him after all! Philip drew a long breath that sounded like a sob; then, with a boyish, happy laugh, he walked toward the door. There was a light step on the stair, a rustle of drapery in the hall, and she entered. "Gladys," said Philip, pocketing the tell-tale treasure, "I came to tell you—how much I love you!"

Asbestos.

It should be a Source of Wealth to Canada but we get Little From it.

PROBABLY no mineral has been so long known and certainly no mineral has so quickly become almost a necessity as asbestos. What is asbestos or asbestus? In reality there is no mineral *sui generis* of that name. It is a term used to denote a peculiar fibrous form assumed by several distinct minerals rather than to designate any particular species. What is technically known by that name belongs to pyroxene or hornblende group of minerals. Among the Germans it is called *steinfaser*, (stonefibre); in Italy *amianto*; among the French-Canadian miners it is called *pietre-a-coton* (cotton stone). There are two main varieties, the Italian and the Canadian, which is technically called chrysotile.

Long ages ago asbestos was used for making garments. These garments when thrown into the fire, after becoming soiled became clean, and the fire made no impression on their texture. This fibrous asbestos, so beautiful as it is found in the mines, so useful as it is now used, has become a source of wealth to all who have been able to engage in its manufacture.

The United Asbestos Company of England was the first to engage in its manufacture on a large scale. They obtained their asbestos from Italy and manufactured it into garments, mill board, packing and other uses. Not more than thirty years have elapsed since the use of asbestos for steam packing became prevalent, and now it is almost a necessity.

The demand became greater than the supply, and the "chrysotile" of the Province of Quebec, of Thetford, Coloraine and Danville began to be used. Chrysotile, or the hydrous asbestos of Canada, is found in the serpentine formation, and the English company at first ignored its usefulness and contented that the *amianto* of Italy was the only true asbestos. But when H. W. Johns' Manufacturing Company took hold of the Quebec mines, supplied the demand from the product of the Canadian mines, and established their large factories in the City of New York, the English company had to acknowledge the power of their rival, and now the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company are the largest manufacturers of asbestos in the world.

As with nickel so with asbestos, Canada has the mines, but the product is owned and manufactured by the people of the United States. The product of asbestos in the whole United States is very small compared with Canada, and what is remarkable, the asbestos deposits seem to be chiefly confined to the townships of Thetford, Coloraine and Danville in the Province of Quebec. At Templeton, on the Ottawa, not far from the Capital, chrysotile has been found, and also at Calabogie Lake in the county of Renfrew in the Province of Ontario, but so far as real development is concerned the Eastern townships can alone show actual productive wealth from the asbestos mines.

TWO HURBERT.

Toronto, Dec., '97.

A Woman Merciless.

St. James' Budget.

"YOU should have framed a wider sphere for me—I could not breathe in yours," she said. "I must live. I used to think I could go without life if I had you; but I've changed."

"And you think you can't wait," he answered.

"After we've waited so long—after we've—after we've—I can't say what I mean."

"There's that, too," she answered, "you can't speak—you're tongue-tied when you get off paper. I must marry a man who can do enough with his tongue to bring people within reach of me. You fetch people to you with your pen, but your tongue writes you down dullard. Mind, I don't mean that you're that—I know what you are. Now, if you had any ready wit—any little spark or glimmer—you'd be ready with: 'I wish to God I'd known all along what you were.' You're feeling a thousand things, but you can't say anything."

"But all these years we've waited—I—I can't think. You've changed so suddenly. I—I—"

"What would you have? I am a woman: I can change like a weather-cock—due east to due west, steady one quarter to steady another—in just a minute. My mind's a wind. I lay awake last night and saw it all before me—before us. Here am I—sharp enough, God knows, even witty when I choose. My tongue dances to the tune of my mind. Small, elegant, like a little mouse—you've said it often enough. Well, suppose I married you. Our surroundings wouldn't be squalid. But you aren't rich enough to frame me as I should be framed. I should have to 'manage a little'—think of that! Then I should go out a little. I should be Mrs. So-and-so. 'Oh! don't you know the wife of So-and-so, the writer!' I should give At Home—think of that!—and have Editors and Academicians to tea with me. Ugh! You would be—you will be—always the same; a little more *gruiche*, a little more short-sighted, a little more celebrated, a little more repellent to strangers, and you'd adore me; and I should make fun of you—a sort of hideous, affectionate fun. I should find myself saying to an editor or an Academician: 'Poor old hubby, I really ought to darn his socks more often!'—and just think how shocked he'd look."

"You're not yourself to-night—you can't mean what you say—you're excited."

"Of course I'm excited. Of course, I'm talking to ease my mind. One doesn't break with stupid, well-meaning—oh, what is the right word?—something between affectionate and estimable old surroundings without talking violently."

"But, after all, we've—"

"Oh, don't—don't—don't go on! Don't you see? I know all you think or can think. I've known you so long. I know what you want to say. You want to say that I persuaded you years and years ago to give up all thought of becoming a—*dilettante*. You want to say that I persuaded you to give up a life of ease for one of midnight wrestlings of the spirit; you want to say that you only bore years and years of slow starvation because I held myself out as a reward. I know all that. I suppose you suffer. I know you do. But, after all, I've only made you know the savor of the dust of a poet's bays. You've had those exquisite moments that come when the right words drop into a line that rings as true as a silver bell. You'd never have had that if you'd been a three-good-meals a day dawdler in a ministerial office. Besides—besides I must see myself in a new glass. You've sung me in every posture—you've hymned every turn of my neck, every little fold of my gown."

"But what are you going to—?"

"What am I going to do? No! Now I pass out of your claim, you'll know—you'll follow me dumbly through life. I'm going to be Mrs. So-and-so. The man proposed to me last night. Oh, yes; you know who he is—you'll guess in a minute. He's a sort of agreeable rattle; but he's got the eminence that I used to think was possessed by a great poet—that I used to think you would have. You see, you went under false pretenses. Well, he's eminent, and I shall make him—ah! what shall I make him?—and I shall have the whirl, and the glitter, and the excitement. Oh—h—h!"

"You don't mean—?"

"Yes—yes—you needn't name him."

"But he's—he's an oyster."

"Oh, yes; we used to call him the Oyster, didn't we? But he's a whistling oyster; everybody dances to his tune. You can't whistle—not a—"

"But, do you love him—don't you—?"

"Don't I love you? How—how—how can I tell? If I were separated from you, if you died, if only something irrevocable happened, I might be able to tell; but how can I? I see you every day—always. I'm so used to you. There's nothing to let me know. It's like being in a boat on a shoreless river. One can't tell whether one is moving. One can't tell—one can't—Oh, go—go—go—go!"

"But I can't wait—You're not well, I can't leave you crying like that. Shall I ring for the servants?"

"No, go away, and never write to me—promise never to write to me. You'd write all you can't say; you might make me see you again. I don't want—that—"

FOUR MADDOX HUEFFER.

The Stick and the Crust.

A stick and a crust of bread. Like the hands of a clock these two articles told the time of day for nearly a year in a certain man's life. Yet, unlike the hands of a clock, they were not visible at once. When he needed the stick he had no use for the crust; and when the crust was welcome he had no further occasion for the stick.

Albeit he was a young fellow of twenty-six, you would be wrong in supposing this stick to have been in the nature of a weapon for attack or defence. In that case the crust and the stick would have harmonized. As it was, they did not. For the stick was a support, not a club.

Now, when a man feels the pressure of eighty or ninety years he is apt to want a travelling companion of that sort; but one in the very heyday of youth, not suffering from any injury, and not constitutionally feeble or malformed, should commonly be able to walk without a stick. And so this young man had always done up to the time when he fell out with the crust and with all that the crust stood for or represented.

His own account of the circumstances runs thus: "Up to October, 1891, I had been a strong, healthy, and active man. Then I commenced to feel weak and out of sorts. I was heavy, tired, and had no ambition or energy. What had come over me I could not imagine. I had a foul, nasty taste in the mouth, and was constantly spitting up a thick, dirty phlegm. My appetite left me, and what little I ate lay on my stomach like lead, causing me great pain about the chest. A short, distressing cough settled upon me and troubled me day and night."

"At night my sleep was disturbed and broken, with night sweats and frightful dreams. I had great pain at the left side around the heart, and my breathing was hurried and short. Next I began to spit blood and was greatly alarmed at it. I wasted away rapidly, losing over a stone weight in a month, and became so weak that I was unable to rise on my feet without assistance."

"Although only a young man of twenty-six I was obliged to hobble about with a stick, and could walk but a short distance even at that. Worried and anxious I attended the York County Hospital, where the doctors sounded me, and said I was in a consumption."

"Here we have another of the serious and often fatal mistakes that are made in cases like this. Misled by symptoms which in some respects resemble those of consumption, medical men hastily (or ignorantly!) decide that the lungs are affected, treat the patient perfunctorily for the hopeless disease he is not afflicted with, and leave the result to chance. Hence he often dies of dyspepsia and its complications—his true disease—which, unlike consumption, is easily curable by the remedy our friend finally employed."

"They gave me cod-liver oil," he continues, "and medicines, but I got no better. Indeed, I was so low-spirited and miserable I didn't care what became of me. As time passed I grew weaker and weaker."

"After I had wandered ten months of this, Mr. R. W. Dickinson, the chemist in Walmgate, advised me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. After taking it a few days I felt much better, my appetite reviving and my food gave me no pain. I continued to take this medicine only, and soon the cough and breathing trouble left me, and I began to gain strength and flesh. When I had taken three bottles I was strong as ever, and could eat and enjoy even a dry crust. I have since had good health. You are at liberty to publish this letter and refer all enquirers to me. (Signed) Isaiah Lewis, 124 Walmgate, York, April 8, 1894."

"If the reader wonders how a man could suffer so much, become so emaciated and weak, and be pushed so near the grave's threshold, what is sometimes flippantly called 'mere indigestion,' he has yet to learn that the digestion is the arbiter of life and death. The 'crust' (food), enjoyed and digested, means life and strength. Rejected it means the 'stick' to supplement swift-coming weakness; and then the prone position, when help is vain. Mother Seigel's Syrup enabled Mr. Lewis to substitute the crust for the stick. It cured his dyspepsia."

"Golf," remarked the young man who is wisely so *blame*, "is one of the very few games that do not fatigue me." "What is the reason for that?" "I never learned to play it."

—Washington Star.

LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE

Is an excellent nutrient tonic. Physicians desiring to prescribe will hardly find anything superior to this.—Health Journal.
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A Rebuke.
Pick-Me-Up.
"It is monstrous!" said Mr. Humayne, "to think that women will stick feathers in their hats, though they have read over and over again of the cruel massacres of innocent birds to satisfy their disgusting craving for finery. I call it perfectly monstrous. They are no better than savages."
Then he called at a poulterer's and took a string of larks home for supper.

A Comparison.
Pick-Me-Up.
Though Gaul can teach us how to pose,
Of posing Albion holds command;
While France has got her *Grande Sara*,
England can boast her *Sarah Grand*.

Some Christmas Jests.
Bazar.
"No, sirree," said Jimmieboy, "I don't want to go into socks. I'm satisfied with stockings. Christmas is coming, and stockings hold more."

"I don't believe in Santa Claus," said Wallie, "because I never saw him." "Pooh!" retorted Jackie. "I guess you never saw the back of your own neck, but it's there just the same."

"Hurrah!" cried the millionaire of Yukon City. "See what Santa Claus has brought me!" And the overjoyed Cretus waved a mutton-chop in the air. It was indeed a blessed gift.

"Oh, how I love you!" cried Jimmieboy, to the Plum-Pudding. "Bah!" retorted the Pudding. "That's a nice way to talk. If you really loved me you wouldn't chew me all up the way a bull-dog does a burglar."

"Christmas is getting too expensive for me," said Growler. "Tisn't half as bad as New Year's," said Hicks. "New Year's!" demanded Growler. "Yes," said Hicks. "That's when the bills come in."

"I got this for Christmas," said Mrs. Wilkins, proudly drawing attention to a seal-skin cape on her shoulders. "Indeed! And is it real fur?" asked her jealous friend. "It ought to be," said Mrs. Wilkins. "I got it off a fir-tree."

"Don't you wish, Caddie," said Mr. Slimboy, with a proud glance at his new golf stockings, "that you had a stocking like that to hang up on Christmas Eve?" "No, I don't," retorted the boy. "It don't take much to fill them."

"Yes," said the little golf orphan, "Papa is going to remember me at Christmas." "I am glad to hear it," said his chum. "I was afraid he was so taken up with his game he'd forget all about you." "No, indeed," said the little boy. "He wouldn't forget me. He has promised that if I will be real good he'll let me caddle for him if he plays Christmas Day."

"McGuffie," said Sandy McClure, the famous professional golfer to his great rival, "this being Christmas Day I will make you a present of half a stroke a hole for a round of eighteen." "Thank you, Sandy," replied Willie McGuffie, grasping the other's hand. "I cannot be outdone in generosity. I'll go you, and will give you in remembrance of the day the worst licking you ever had. FORE!"

"Oh, no," said the genial rector. "I am not embarrassed by the large number of slippers I

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receive. There is much that can be done with slippers. Some I wear; others I hang on the walls to hold whisk-brooms; in others I keep my razors, and the very large ones I use to store my old sermons in instead of the usual barrel. No, indeed; I can always find some use for slippers."

"Why has Splasher named his picture British Deer?" "He was afraid someone would say that American deer don't have legs like those of his deer."—Chicago Record.

"Patrick, you told me you needed the alcohol to clean the mirrors with, and here I find you drinking it." "Faix, mum, it's a drinkin' it an' brathin' on the glass o'm a doin'."

A little four-year-old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping-car. Awakening once in the middle of the night, his mother asked him if he knew where he was. "Tourse I do," he replied. "I'm in the top drawer."

Lovely daughter—Why do you so object to Mr. De Poor? Is it not better to live in a cottage with one you love than to dwell in a palace with one you hate? Practical father—Yes, my dear, very much better; but he hasn't the cottage.

A Washerwoman's Merry-Making.

THESE was a fire in the room—a splendid fire of cinders gathered from the lanes and railway tracks. The rusty little stove was red-hot, but then it doesn't take a very hot fire to make a stove so thin and dilapidated as this one red-hot. There was also a yellow chair, a bedstead and a table, and these with a few baskets, a wooden pail with a scrubbing-brush, and a box, completed the furniture of an apartment which, judging by the smell, had once been a stable. The one window, about eighteen inches square, dimmed by dirt and cobwebs, was divided into four panes, one of which was broken and stuffed with straw. A woman sat in the yellow chair by the little stove smoking a short clay pipe. She wasn't a noticeably clean lady, but you can't expect to find an extraordinarily clean lady living in a stable. She was old and wizened, her scant gray hair was unkempt and frowsy—in fact, she was by no means an attractive personality. But as I say, you can't expect attractive personalities to live in stables. She was cooking her Christmas dinner. The utensils on the stove comprised simply a tea-pot. You see it was not to be an elaborate menu at all; the Christmas dinner was to consist of just a plain, solitary cup of tea. Then Mrs. Mulligan would fill up her pipe again and sigh for the old days when she had sat down to a whole goose with potatoes and apple-sauce.

She was staring at the cracked little stove, blinking, water-eyed and unseeing.

"He was a good boy, a good boy. Ah, but he was the good boy—and smart! Shure, there never was the likes o' him for ketching bricks and speaking up to his betters."

It was of a son she was muttering, a good boy who had been in jail this last seven years.

"Shure an' the old man durstn't so much as lift his hand to me—God rist his soul!—when he was by."

She turned the pipe upside down in the palm of her hand and shook it.

"Ah, but it's many the foine black eye that same old man give me in his prime—God save him—before he was took off. He was a good man to me, but—ah, well! the devil's got him now—rist his soul!"

Mrs. Mulligan got up to put a few more cinders on the fire. She seemed to find the basket, half-empty as it was, somewhat heavy.

"House of Providence, is it? An' me a strong woman! But I told her, Shure ain't I as strong as iver I was, barrin' me rheumatics? I told her, I told her. 'Oney time ye hev a bit of scrubbin' to do,' I ses, 'just send it down to me place an' I'll be glad to get it—or knittin'. But as long as I kin pay me rint I'll work for it, if it takes ivery cent I kin earn,' I ses. Hard man he is, too, bad cess to 'm. Always wants his money to the minute—an' he always gets it, what's more, thanks be."

It was this peculiar feeling about paying her rent that was about to result in Mrs. Mulligan going without her Christmas dinner; as it had resulted in her going without any breakfast; as it had resulted in a supperless Christmas Eve. Foolish old body was Mrs. Mulligan, but strong-hearted. In happier circumstances she would have been as merry an old lady as ever came out of Ireland. Mrs. Mulligan was just getting up to get her cup and saucer when there came a knock on the big double stable-door. She hobbled across and opened the little door that hinged in the big one.

"Ye ould blackguard, I don't owe you another cent till Tuesday," she cried shrilly.

A boy with a basket stepped through the opening—a well-dressed boy with rosy cheeks.

"Mother sent this chicken down and wishes you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year," said he.

Mrs. Mulligan stood blinking by the door.

"So she sent the old woman a Christmas box, did she? And I thought it was me landlord—blast him. Just like her kind heart—God bless her. May the Lord look down on her and—"

Mrs. Mulligan sat down on her only chair and began to cry weakly. You see she was old and hungry, and even a small chicken made quite a difference.

S. H.
Toronto, Dec., '97.

"Seasonable Greetings."

BEFORE the Christmas card was modestly ushered into the world, the greetings of the season were written to dear and distant friends on Old World note-paper with pinked-out edges, and, to render the kind wishes appropriate, a little robin was printed at the top of the paper, surrounded by a wreath of holly and a suitable word of greeting. It may be surmised that the inventor of the Christmas card in England, Sir Henry Cole (then Mr. Cole), found that he had too many letters to write at the festive season, for in 1846 he suggested that Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A., should design a card, with appropriate greeting, which should be sent around to all his circle, the primary idea being to make the memento of the season significant of Christmas jollification.

Rather more than a year earlier a similar idea, but not so felicitously executed, had been carried out by a Scotch engraver. His card showed a laughing figurehead set round with the words, "A guid New Year and mony o' them." Though the introduction of the Christmas card thus dates back half a century, the fashion of sending out these pretty greetings did not take a firm hold on the public till about twenty-five years ago.

In England the people are not so ready as in Canada to take up with new fads, and therefore are also much slower to relinquish old habits. The sending of Christmas cards in Canada has already to a large extent—especially in Toronto—been superseded by the practice of sending Christmas publications, books, and more particularly calendars for the ensuing year. These calendars are got up in a great variety of design, and every year sees the idea expand and its vogue increase. The calendar is a development of the Christmas card.

"Has your Shakespeare Society started in yet, Miss Jones?" "Yes. We met at Mrs. Wiggles' yesterday. Miss Matilda Robinson read a most delightful paper on the Influence of Rosalind on Dress Reform."—*Bazar*

The Last Chance.
Pick-Me-Up.

First Convivial—Shay, I (hic) s'all turn over (hic) new leaf—New Year's Day.
Second Convivial—So sh'll I.
Third Convivial—Same ere.
All—That leavesh us 'bout a week to enjoy ourshelves.

Books and Shop-Talk.

Jacques L. Lardine, a Parisian writer of the decadent school, says the *New York Sun*, has succeeded in attracting attention. He has opened a cobbler's stall in the Quarters Latin. He looks like Don Quixote. "Some people," he said, "believe that I am not in earnest and that my stall is merely a *plaisanterie* got up to sell my works. That is not true. I am driven by need of money. During fifteen years here in Paris my literature has brought in but insignificant sums. My dramas are rejected, my novels do not sell, my poems are thrown into the waste-paper basket. My capital was all spent. How was I to gain a living? At thirty-five, with such deplorable antecedents as mine, one does not easily find employment. Nothing remained but a manual occupation. I chose cobbler, because it was not wholly unknown to me. My father was a bootmaker at Bergerac, and in my childhood I played at boot-making. I have engaged a good workman, with whom I shall serve out my apprenticeship. I have already many customers. I do not dislike the calling, though I should have preferred a more exalted (plus noble) one. But I take it up out of pure need. *À la tout!*" There seems to be hopes of him yet, as it is never too late to mend.

In next week's issue of *SATURDAY NIGHT* will appear Gilbert Parker's new story, *The Gunner of Percé Rock*, a story of a hundred years ago, when the British and French were at war, and the scene is laid on the coast of Gaspe. Gilbert Parker, as everybody knows, is a Canadian whose footing among the leading literary men of old London is now secure, and we all naturally take a deep interest in his work, so much of which is historical and Canadian in its settings. This stirring new story will appear complete in our next issue, although it is considerably longer than the average complete story published in this paper.

Dr. John Watson (an Maclaren) has declined the call to a London pulpit. At the same time he has told his Liverpool congregation just what it cost him in mental effort to preach continuously to the same people: "No one who is not a preacher," he says, "can ever imagine the agony of production. To preach to the same people three times a week, and to depend upon so fickle, and in my case so slow, an instrument as the brain—how can one continue without losing power and becoming stale and unprofitable? What a relief to begin again, to recast and improve one's message for unaccustomed ears and new hearts."

The *Toronto Globe's* Christmas Number, like everything the *Globe* produces, is a fine one—full of interesting matter and illustrations neatly worked in and well printed. It is very superior value for a quarter. The *Mail and Empire*, a paper that is not on speaking terms with any other publication in Toronto, has also issued a Christmas Number this week, expressing Christmas sentiments that it has no use for.

Mr. Grant Allen has come down from his "hill top" and is writing books that have nothing to do with the tiresome sex question. He says that he proposes to follow up his "Evolution of the Idea of God" by no less than four other volumes: "One of these will deal in detail with the solar element in religion."

Before the Coming of the Loyalists is an interesting pamphlet by Mr. C. Haight, that has been published this week. Some time ago Mr. Haight gave us a nice little study of *Country Life in Canada Fifty Years Ago*.

The Unnamed Lake is a new volume of poems by Frederick George Scott, just published by William Briggs.

The Habitant, by Dr. W. H. Drummond of Montreal, is a book of verse that will everywhere excite much interest. Dr. Drummond is the poet of the *habitant* of Quebec, and many of his poems are known all over the continent.

The Christmas number of the *War Cry*, which sells for five cents, is an unusually fine number, containing much interesting reading matter and high class illustrations.

Announcement is made of the issue, on December 18, in dainty booklet form, of a spirited poem by Mr. Charles Campbell of St. John, N.B., author of the New Brunswick Prize Ode on the Queen's Diamond

Jubilee. The title chosen is, Canada: A Metrical Story. The poem is described as picturesque, vivid, patriotic and of great strength and dignity.

The *Hamilton Times* issued an exceedingly bright Christmas Number with its regular issue of December 18. The paper is nicely illustrated with half-tones and pen-drawings, and has a strong local interest in addition to its "Christmas feeling." The paper is in keeping with the progressiveness of the *Times* under Mr. Gardiner's guidance.

At Least They Say So.

The latest scheme to prevent a mosquito plague is to destroy their larva by putting permanganate of potash in the water in which they are being hatched. One part of the permanganate in fifteen hundred parts of water is enough to destroy the larva, and a handful of permanganate, which costs only twenty-five cents, is enough to clear a ten-acre swamp and keep it clear for thirty days.

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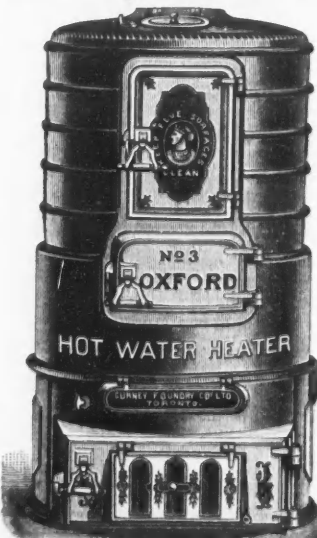
The style is the longest worn, full—and reaching almost down to the heels. The shell is the best beaver cloth. The lining throughout is select muskrat fur, and the immense collar and entire lapel front are of rich grade otter. The best workmanship is combined with the best material, and the price, \$50, is special.

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Studio and Gallery

THE charter granted by the Province of Ontario to the Toronto Guild of Civic Art states that it is the purpose of the Guild to act as a purely supervising, consulting and advisory body to promote and encourage civic art, including mural painting and decoration, sculptures, fountains and other structures, or works of art, or of an artistic character; and to arrange for the execution of works of art by competent artists, to be chosen by competition or otherwise; and to hold exhibitions from time to time of works of art more especially connected with mural decoration, architectural and stained glass designs, sculpture and kindred subjects. The organization of this Guild must be a source of intense satisfaction to all interested in the maintaining of order and beauty in our city. It fills a very obvious and long-felt need. Opportunities are being continually lost, some never to be regained, for the perfecting of beautiful artistic surroundings in our city. The quick, certain education which comes to those who are privileged to view the output of the mind of man in his works of art is beyond contradiction, as is also the amount of pleasure it affords. Why need

Toronto be behind the age in this respect? It is a most wonderful fact that after over a quarter of a century of organized art effort here in Canada no distinctively national collections, historical or otherwise, worthy the people, should have been collected. This has been no fault of the artists. It may be said it is the Government's duty to govern. It is also the duty of a state to develop a nation along those lines which will make crime most difficult. The force of art as a moral factor in the development of a nation is incalculable. Further, men of genius, dependent on their genius for a livelihood, find little encouragement to remain in Canada; not that there is not a field for them here, for a wide and available field awaits them. Neither is it lack of money, but a lack apparently of exactly what the Guild of Civic Art proposes to supply: An organized effort of intelligent people, controlled by a spirit of unselfish devotion to the general good.

The initiative effort of the Guild was the proposal to decorate the walls of the Council Chamber with mural paintings "emblematic of the old pioneer days of early Toronto, the intention being to follow this up with historical panels in other portions of the building." This met the fate that might have been anticipated at the present stage of the building operations and of civic interest in art. With all due deference to the wisdom of the Guild we think they commenced at the wrong end. Wendell Phillips' advice to not travel to it via the aldermanic ear, but to "agitate, agitate, agitate." When public sentiment demands artistic surroundings the powers in high places will be shown to be magnanimous.

Mr. Reid has adopted the rational method of reaching the end in view. Show the people what is meant and it will be found that an appreciation very general and real will be shown. Mr. Reid is well qualified to carry out his design. The mechanical difficulties of transferring mural decorations are great. Mr. Reid has already personally assisted in this work elsewhere. Further, he has recently made a study both in the United States, where such work abounds, Paris and other places of mural decoration, and is easily acknowledged among Canada's best as an artist.

As to the matter of funds. It seems a great pity that when such structures as the City Hall are in contemplation, a Guild of Art should not be consulted and allowed to give an opinion on how funds available for decoration might be expended to best advantage. Surely it would be a much more profitable expenditure of money to beautifully adorn the inside of buildings, as proposed by the Guild, than to spend it in common-place, or worse, ornamentation on the outside—the carved grotesque figures, for instance, which impart the idea to the beholder that the instincts and principles of barbarism may prevail inside, in the doings of its occupants, whose only merit lies in this, that in their construction there has been no infringement of the moral law, for they are not "the likeness of anything in heaven above, in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth." We feel that even now, should Mr. Reid's plan prove a success, it would not be such a huge undertaking for a fund to be raised for the decoration of the building, work which would be a crown of glory to Toronto.

Mr. C. M. Manly, O.S.A., is an artist on whom art has had its legitimate effect in a well regulated, well balanced mental and spiritual—and physical, too—condition. He believes that "a mind at leisure from itself" and a sound physique are wonderful stimulants to inspiration. Human and rational are his views, and his works partake of them. The noblest end of art is his: Art for humanity's sake. His ideals, as represented in his work, are lofty and truly artistic. As an artist his technique is full, easy, free, vivid in plan and rich in coloring. His studio abounds in pictures of his thoughts, varied in character, sympathetically treated. Dartmoor, with its weeping skies and fitful sunbursts, rich verdure, its purple heather and limpid streams, appeals strongly to the feelings. The Highland cattle bearing down towards you are animals of strong convictions; that is evident in the glance of the steady eye and somewhat belligerent tilt of the horn. Instinctively you search yourself for the records of your Highland ancestry, and the proofs of your soundness of doctrine; a satisfactory understanding having been arrived at on these points, you are more free to observe more closely. The belligerency seems less pronounced, and the twinkle you saw in the eye and imagined combativeness contains a suspicion of mirth, and you would not even be surprised to hear a snap of the fingers—metaphorically—and a skip of the heels should they hear the music of the lively strathspey. Sunset in A Cornfield is another scene characteristically treated. Mr. Manly does not make the mistake of many would-be depictees of sunset of imitating nature with a brush full of violent color. His sunset contains much more of suggestion than of attempted imitation, and gives brilliancy not by violent coloring, but diffusion of light; so his sunset is brilliant, tender and flexible, admitting of much feeling on the part of the beholder. A very strong painting, a marine, is one of his best efforts. It is a dirge, a requiem; sobbing skies and moaning waters and black rocks unite in constituting it a scene of inexpressible sadness; a true type of human life, viewed from this side. No marvel that a musician seeing it was moved to compose funeral music; such is its proper accompaniment. We only hope this musical artist did not leave out of his picture what Mr. Manly has so truly and powerfully told in his, that there is light beyond. Many other scenes might be mentioned did space permit. In black and white Mr. Manly does excellent work. A recent drawing for a calendar for the *Monetary Times* is very artistic indeed and very appropriate, a scene on Niagara—a wash-drawing—framed in a design of thistles, whose stiffness is concealed by graceful curves and broken forms.

Mr. F. S. Challener intends leaving soon for Palestine for the purpose of painting. Palestine should be a most prolific field for artists and one that will appeal to a larger number of people than, perhaps, any one country in the world. The diversity of its nationalities, the picturesqueness of their surroundings, the primitive customs, the delightful climate and atmospheric effects, combine to make it a Mecca for artists, although few have discovered yet all its attractions. Mr. Challener has made a very wise selection of a field. Theologians tell us this land will yet be "a city on a hill" as far as the other nations are concerned.

An attempt is to be made to raise the standard of merit of the Ontario Society of Artists. In the future no artist—so we are told—will be permitted to send in more than six pictures. Any or all of these may be rejected by the committee of acceptance. This is a step decidedly in the right direction. The terms Royal Canadian Academy and Ontario Society of Artists should be synonymous with the best in art as it is in these days, not as it was in the infancy of the Society. They should both command the respect of an intelligent public, and the office-bearers should certainly do all that in them lies to make it so.

For those who seek light and loveliness there is probably no house and studio in the world equal to Mr. Alma Tadema's. This magnificent dwelling place—his own design from roof to basement—stands in the clear air of St. John's Wood. As you walk up the classical arcade that winds through the garden by waving trees, shrubs and many flowers, a frieze of parti-colored tiles overhead flashes upon the eye, says an exchange. The door being opened, a flight of dazzling, brazen steps, starting up like a golden ladder, invites you to the studio; but you first walk through a little winding pathway to the left, bordered by palm trees, evergreens and ferns, leading to a little alcove where afternoon tea is served. The studio itself is a wonder of white and silver, with balconies and galleries overhead on a level with the topmost of the trees that wave in the large garden where fountains play and birds sing. Mr. Alma Tadema is the painter of sunshine and blue skies; his life and his work are in harmony with the motto which streams across the studio walls—"As the sun colors flowers, so art colors life." It is only by degrees that Mr. Tadema has discovered the value to his art of the dazzling background which now vivifies his studio. In the old days in Antwerp he discovered that the black Pompeian decorations made his pictures too heavy, so he painted his next studio red, with the result that they became too hot. Arriving in Brussels he painted his walls light green. Afterward in London he tried blue and green, and so on to the white and silver with which they are at present decorated.

The new calendar of the Art Students' League commends itself to all interested in the early life of Canada. It faithfully portrays the early contests between the white settlers and the Indians, the habits of life of both and their methods of warfare; the opening up of the forest primeval by surveying parties and its impression on the minds of the Indians; the homely "new habitation, solid, substantial, of timber rough hewn from the first of the forest" with its varying scenes of industry, peace and health; the time when

From the farthest realms of the morning,
Came the Black Robe chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of prayer, the pale face,
With his guides and his companions;
The training of the home guards.

The only scene on which the hand of Time has left little modifying effects seems to be the political meeting. The bawl proceeding from the mouth of the orator seems to be, judging by the illustration, of about the same dimensions, and of the same value, as that of the orator of the present day. The same faithful personal dealing—as for instance the persuasive shut hand in the face of another—is distinguishable in the audience, which enjoy apparently the same privilege of making additions to the chairman's speech. Were it not for a stray Indian here and there one could well believe the time to be the latter end of the nineteenth century and the locality any of the city halls of Toronto near election times.

At a meeting of the council of the R.C.A., held in Toronto on December 16, it was decided to hold the next exhibition of the Academy in the O.S.A. Gallery, Toronto. The last day for receiving pictures will be Friday, February 25; vanishing day, March 3, and the conversation on the evening of the same day. The council and general assembly meetings will take place on March 4.

Wood-carving, it is to be feared, in these days of machinery a very much-neglected if not altogether forgotten art, although skilful hand-work will always, in whatever form it appear, commend itself to the refined mind. It is surprising how few young ladies pursue this ancient and honorable branch of study. It seems a pity that, comparatively speaking, this generation seems unlikely to transmit in this permanent fashion the genius and manner of its age, in wood-carving, as previous generations have done. Miss Sully, Yonge street Arcade, herself a clever pupil of the South Kensington School of Art, has under her tuition a class of young ladies doing excellent work in this substantial art.

The sale of pictures by Mr. J. Arch Browne, advertised for December 16, was postponed until January, the date and place to be announced later. JEAN GRANT.

A Novel Theft.

"Something funny!" And, says the Nashville *Banner*, the advance agent looked at the ceiling for a moment. "The funniest thing I've run against in some time happened right here in your own state in a town not far from here. We played there before coming to Nashville.

"I had been in town a couple of hours and went up to see the 'opera house,' as the little hall is designated by the residents. It was a miserable little hole, and when you stood on the stage and talked, you might as well have had a ten-inch blanket hung in front of you.

"Why, you have no acoustics at all!" I exclaimed to the manager, who was showing me through.

"Well," he replied, "we had 'em. We used to have plenty of 'em; but a darned minstrel company showed here last week, and they stole

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MAIL ORDERS FILLED WITH CARE

Heavy Ulsters, with storm collars....\$3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00
Heavy Reefers, with storm collars.....\$3.00, 3.50, 4.00 and 5.00
Three-piece Knee Pant Suits, \$3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 6, 6.50
Two piece Suits.....\$2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00
Blouse Suits, for ages 4 to 9....\$1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00

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When purchasing Diamonds you have two things to consider. 1st, the quality; 2nd, the price. The quality of the Diamonds we sell is not excelled by any ever offered for sale in this Dominion, and since our prices are admittedly the lowest on record, it is no empty boast when we say that we are selling better Diamonds for the same money, or the same Diamonds for less money than is asked for them by others.

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Will Convince You

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELLERS
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A lady never shows to better advantage than when clad in rich and luxurious furs. This store has a reputation of thirty years in the selling of fine and thoroughly reliable furs. The best people seeking for Persian Lamb and Seal Jackets come here, knowing that there will be no disappointment in material or manufacture.

Ladies' Fine Persian Lamb Jackets, 27 in. long, box front, pleated back, fine black Duchesse satin lining, special, \$100.00

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When out of town you can order these goods by mail. Our furs are being sent almost daily to all sections of the Dominion. A postal for our catalogue of fine and fashionable furs.

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(FAIRWEATHER & CO.)

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NEXT DOOR TO RYKIE BROS.

nearly everything in the house. Guess they must 'a' took them akooties along, too."

Brother Sontext—Well, Brother Stireump, will they raise your salary another year? Brother Stireump—Well, I don't know about another year; they haven't finished raising it for this year yet.—*Richmond Times*.

The Gunner of Percé Rock

BY
GILBERT PARKER

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For the return of a set of coupons from Tutti-Frutti a handsome and useful prize suitable for a Christmas present will be sent free.



Green Turtle Soup

Always on hand at this Restaurant.
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131 Yonge Street and 3, 5 and 7 Arcade, Toronto

A Little Color
Will go a long way and produce a lovely picture if it is the right color. Don't you think it is a good thing to get good colors, especially when they last so long? Just think how long a half pan of water color or tube of oil color will last!
Winsor & Newton's Oil and Water Colors are used by the leading artists all over the world. Get them, and have a beautiful picture.
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We Beg to Announce That
ON JAN. 1, 1898
WE SHALL MOVE
To more convenient premises at
No. 114 KING STREET WEST
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Where a choice display of work can be seen at all times.
HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO

Your Draper's Compliments.

Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Black, extends his heartiest and best wishes to his patrons who have during the past and many previous seasons extended so liberal a patronage to him for high-class clothing to order. It has been a source of great satisfaction to him in these days of "cheap" things to have the demand for garments made by him increase with each succeeding season, and that so vast a number bank on the idea that it pays to buy from the best. The season just closing has been a most successful one. Society has been kept in a constant flutter with functions here, there and yonder, and many a fine dress suit or evening top coat, made at this noted draperie has gone to help the handsome surroundings of the occasion, and speak volumes for the style and the down-right individuality which Mr. Taylor incorporates in every garment he makes. He looks forward with pleasure and with no pessimistic view as to trade, particularly in his own line. A joyous Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Prize Winners.

The following are the names and addresses of the prize winners in the first week's \$2,000 competition offered by the Comparative Synoptical Chart Company, of 77 Victoria street, Toronto: G. M. Verrall, Lambton Mills, Ont., Crescent bicycle, value \$75; Charles M. Baldwin, Trinity University, Toronto, Waltham watch, value \$25; E. L. Kenny, box 316, Brockville, Ont., Waltham watch, value \$25; Louis E. Hammer, box 135, Newmarket, Ont., Crescent bicycle, value 75. See page 2.

China Hall

wishes its patrons a
Very Joyous Xmas
with the pleasing knowledge
that many of the choicest
viands that will be served
during the holiday festi-
vities will find their way to
the board on choice china
pieces bought from China
Hall stocks.

JOS. IRVING 49 KING ST. W.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

AND
CHRISTMAS NEW YEAR RATES

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GENERAL PUBLIC—Single First-Class Fare

Good going on Dec. 24 and 25; good returning until Dec. 27. Good going on Dec. 31 and Jan. 1; good returning until Jan. 3, 1898.

Single First-Class Fare and One-Third

Good going Dec. 23 to 25; good to return until Dec. 28. Good going Dec. 30 to Jan. 1; good returning until Jan. 3, 1898.

Between all stations in Canada, Windsor, Sault Ste Marie, Fort William and east, and to and from Detroit, Mich., and to, but not from, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., and Buffalo, N. Y.

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

(Upon surrender of proper certificate signed by Principal.)

Single First-Class Fare and One-Third

Good going Dec. 19 to 31; good returning until Jan. 18, 1898.

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Good going December 18 to 23; good to return until Jan. 3, 1898.

Between all stations in Canada, Windsor, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William and east.

By Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$800. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, General Manager, 278 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Wanted

Will Stop Your Cough Instantly and produce a soothing effect upon the vocal organs.

Watson's Cough Drops

TRY THEM.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

RITCHIE—Dec. 19, Mrs. George M. Ritchie, a daughter.

BOYD—Dec. 19, Mrs. Geoffrey Boyd, a son.

ROBINSON—Dec. 19, Mrs. J. Robinson, a son.

PHIMROSE—Dec. 22, Mrs. A. Primrose, a son.

Marriages.

BEEMER—HADCOCK—Dec. 15, Dr. Fred Edwin Beemer to Maude Agnes Hadcock.

SILLS—HARE—Uxbridge, Dec. 22, W. R. Sils, M.A., to Zella U. B. Hare, B.A.

MORRISON—HICKS—On Dec. 11, at St. Stephen's church, by Rev. A. J. Broughall, assisted by Rev. E. H. Capp, Mr. Johnston Morrison, 84 Harbord street, to Miss Louise Maud Hicks.

Deaths.

ALEXANDER—Santa Barbara, Cal., Dec. 17, Adelaide Alexander.

FAWCETT—Guelph, Dec. 18, Rev. Michael Fawcett.

RANNIE—Dec. 19, John Rannie.

RUTHERFORD—Dec. 19, John M. Rutherford, aged 19.

PEARSON—Dec. 22, Marmaduke Pearson, aged 82.

MARTIN—Dec. 22, Claude Woodward Martin.

METCALF—Dec. 22, Thomas Metcalf, aged 88.

BURNS—Dec. 20, James H. Burns, M.D., aged 52.

W. H. STONE

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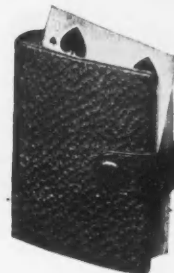
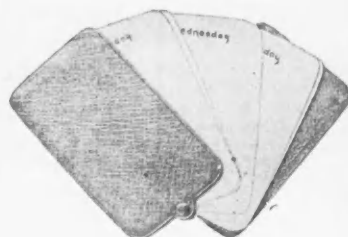
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In order to give our patrons and the public an opportunity to arrange their toilets to their entire satisfaction for the holidays we will offer our

Hair Goods Styles, &c. At 50 p. c. Reduction

before stock-taking. This sale is positively only from 27th of December until January 1st, 1898.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, rush in for your **BARGAINS.**

**Switches, Bangs, Waves
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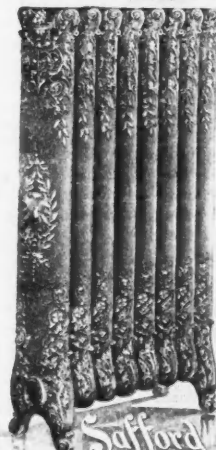
And all our stock at 50 per cent. reduction.

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Mail orders attended to the same way the coming week.

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**New
Departure in
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They have no Joints whatever to leak
Can be placed in finest rooms, no Metal Screens being necessary
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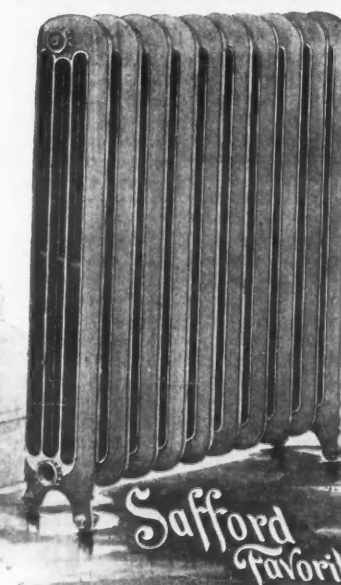
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SAFFORD..

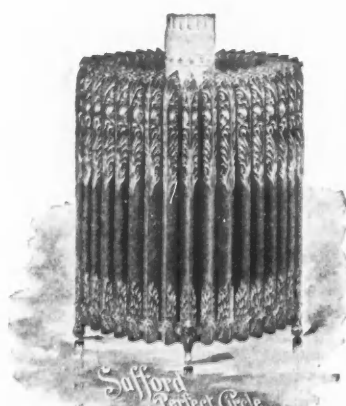
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